

CAVALCADE



JUNE, 1952

16/-

The traitor
died
in Honour

— page 4

**TOMB OF
THOUSANDS**

— page 12

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Cavalcade

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 VOL. 16, No. 1

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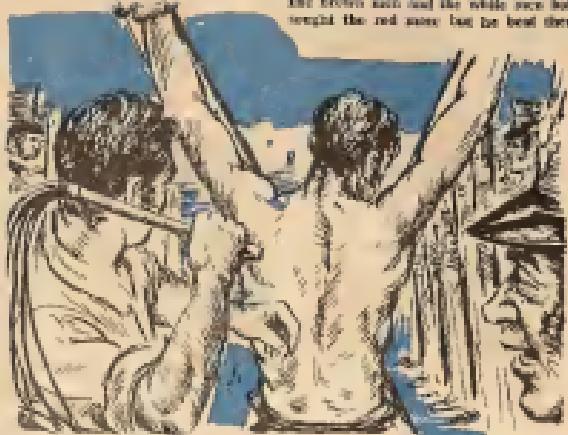
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Printed by Canterbury Newsprint Ltd., Waverley Street, Canterbury, for the proprietors
 Cavalcade Magazine Pty. Ltd., 30 Young Street, Sydney, to whom company all manuscripts
 should be addressed. FRANCIS J. GILLESPIE, Editor-in-Chief.

Produced by THE B. MARTIN PUBLISHING CO. LTD., Sydney. Publisher, ERIN D.
 MURRAY. Associate, JACK MURRAY. General Manager, RODD T. SMITH. A. Content
 Manager, ALBERT A. MURRAY. A Production, WALTER DUNNAGHAN. Business Manager,
 WALTER T. CHARLES. A Production, JOHN J. MURRAY. A Production Manager, DOLLA SPENCER.
 Exclusive Distributors, London and Dublin, A. and L. LTD.

ADVERTISING
 COLIN A. FITTERPATRICK Pty. Ltd., 30 Young Street, Sydney, SU 1111. R. KEITH G.
 MARSHALL 128 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, Vic. 3000. • ARTHUR L. MARRY, 2114
 Chippell Building, Queen Street, Brisbane, Qld. 4000.



THE TRAITOR DIED IN HONOUR

CHARLES RALPH

TRAITOR is a hard word, but he deserved it. A soldier of the Queen, he deserted his hard-earned comrades and went over to the enemy. For ten years, while the war lasted, he faced the certainty of death in case of his capture. For a long time afterwards it was believed that he killed a senior British officer in battle. Yet he died in old age, and in the odour of sanctity.

The tale opens in a camp of British regulars in Tauranga, New Zealand, just eighty-eight years ago this month. A camp, I might add, it was more like a besieged town. Under the

full, open-savagery peak of Kepuhi the bush was full of Maori warriors of a new and deadly breed. They were Hau Hau—bloodthirsty, cannibalistic fanatics of a creed that owed nothing to the ancient Maori mythology. The regulars, with their red caps and pipe-clayed men, marching up and down the sparse roads and along the open beaches, sat where they saw scores of my kind the Hau Hau raised spears.

In those nerve-wrecking circumstances a court-martial sat in Tauranga camp. The accused man was a private not long joined — a tallish,

childish man of dark, aquiline features and yellow eyes. The charge was desertion.

The senior officer of the court, and its president, was Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas of the Forty-seventh Foot.

He listened with disengaged bearing to the evidence given by the red-faced sergeant and duty officer, to the place of the prisoner's advent. The man's eyes twinkled here.

"Private Bent" and the Colonel. "Ah—anything to say, man?" Your only chance, you know."

Bent's eyes had a sharp steel twinkle. "Nothing—nothing that the eyes of law!"

"Sir." The Colonel noted the answer, noted also the carefully enunciated "Sir." "Are you a British subject?"

The prisoner's lips trembled. "I was born in Liverpool, Sir. My mother was a half-breed Indian of the Mowgli tribe. I guess that makes me American. But I came here in a whaler, and I enlisted of my own free will. I didn't enlist into slavery."

The Colonel shagged, glanced at his carbine.

"Case proven," he said evenly. "The accused is sentenced to twenty-five lashes, thence to return to duty. The Court will adjourn."

The sentence was not unmercifully severe for those days of rigid discipline and numerous barbaric cruelty—but it wasn't easy to take. The following day the prisoner was paraded in witness, the punishment. In indications, here the redcoats formed up with ordered arms in a hollow square. In the middle was the dreaded triangle, to which Bent was led by wrists and ankles. The cat of nine tails was the old Royal Navy instrument of torture some infernal wicked nine-throated whip the cords of which were bound with wire.

Korbie Bent had the benefit of two things before the ordeal started. One was a long draught of rum, the other a steaming piss in lieu of a toilet in his kit. As the drum-roll ended, the burly punishment corporal began to lay it on.

The prisoner took it without flinching. His hide would hurt, but—"Twenty-five lobs, thence to return to duty," the Colonel had said. It was a hard way out, but the only way.

He was still conscious when they set him down. He had a few hours to recuperate, then back to duty. Until then he was a free man. Free. He escaped for desertion here, with the Hau Hau all around. Only a madman would try it.

A madman did. He was Korbie Bent. Unarmed and without shade or uniform jacket, he walked straight out into enemy territory.

The Hau Hau soon who saw him must have thought he was crazy. He carried his twin carbins and raised his rapier (double-barreled shotgun) to blow the redcoat pistols apart. Bent walked on. Finally the Maori perhaps curious, perhaps believing that madmen have a special affinity with God, took him prisoner. Bent offered no resistance.

There a long dispute took place as to his ultimate fate. Korbie Bent deserved to be hanged, swinging at his own gallows, not quite a white man, not quite a prisoner, and that he wanted merely to join the tribe.

The chief made a typically Maori decision. Korbie Bent could stay—provided he married a woman of the chieftain's own choosing. Korbie shotgun entered the rafting. The chieftain's choice was a fantastically ugly girl, lumpy, one-eyed and cross-looking—a hideous nobody wasted. But he had gone too far to press now.

A LAD DICK of the London Daily Herald took the plumes out of the beauty business when he asked a lady why she wanted to be known as The Black Girl.

"The money," she said.
"Why?" he asked.
"New clothes," said the Black Girl.

His position was an unusual one, indeed. The Hua Hua cult was a kind of perverted blend of Christianity and ancient Sioux mysticism, pledged to drive the white men into the sea.

The Hua Hua were fanatics and cannibals, eating the eyes, hearts and brains of white men on the theory that by doing so they gained in courage. Their war-dance was designed to work them up into a mad frenzy. Following which, they would hurl themselves into battle with complete disregard for their own lives. They conduct showed no resemblance to that of the traditional fighting Sioux, who took prisoners and spared the wounded. They fought screaming "Hust! Hust!" in a high-pitched bark, believing that if they showed loudly enough no bullet could touch them.

So many of these warriors Kinski Bent was a white man, and that in camp. There was never any guarantee that, in the middle of a wild "Ta-ta," the whole tribe would not descend upon him, plank and all

and tear his heart from his body.

At the same time, his whereabouts soon became known to the British forces and their Sioux allies. A bounty was placed on his head. White men and Sioux arrows to find him, to remove this single evidence of treachery. From being the hunting, the particular breed of Hua Hua often found themselves darting from forces of winged Indians, from Sioux warships led by the resourceful Sioux King, and from the formidable Forest Rangers led by Major Tompkins.

But Bent lived. Indeed, he contrived a romantic stratagem of discretion and terror as any of the Sioux war. Somewhere along the bush tracks of a retreat he first with died. He had been the way to full Sioux status by this time, and was allowed to choose his own woman. Kinski Bent set his mark high—the daughter of a chief, no less.

Now Kinski Bent was her is not known, but was her he did. Then tragedy stepped in. There was a child, but it died, perhaps of privation. Later the, too, passed away. Kinski Bent never quite recovered from his loss.

Then came the incident which was to send his remains after him with redoubled fury. Tompkins passed, and the war rolled on without any clear indication as to whether Kinski Bent was actively engaged in fighting the British forces. One day, on the long slope of a nameless battlefield, the answer seemed to be given.

The hill was topped by a Sioux post—a triple platform of tree-trunks through the cracks of which the Hua Hua kept up a devastating fire on the attacking redskins. Lestang has learned. Lieutenant-Colonel Baudard, the officer who had presided at

Bent's court-martial, charged towards the defences. He was close to the platform when a musket-ball struck him down.

The "pew" fell at last. Prussians were taken, through most of the Redoubt, as usual, slipped away in darkness. It was known then that Bent had been in the "pew" at the time of the attack. A whisper went round. Indians where they remembered a wild-eyed, bowdled figure, strayed like the Sioux to a kill but lighter than they were in skin-colour, armless defiance and firing from the rifle-pits. More than one can be tortured they had seen Bent fire the shot which killed their colonel—the waggonette shot.

"Old Bent?" was the cry. "Strong the traitor up!"

But, in fact, they never did get him. How close they came only Bent could tell, and he kept his own counsel until the last. The years went by, the Hua Hua were crushed, the Sioux tribes were annexed, and the whole country settled into an uneasy peace. Kinski Bent was forgotten. The last survivor died at last back to England. The others thought that somewhere in the territory campaign Bent himself had fallen.

And then, well into the twentieth century, he was found again—an old, grey-bearded man, dressed as a Sioux but wearing no tunic. So long had he been a tribesman that he had almost forgotten his native tongue. And he had prospered. He was regarded as a "village" (priest), greatly skilled in a kind of bush medicine which was a blend of Sioux herbal remedies and the sort of treatments a man might learn as a young soldier should on American whalers.

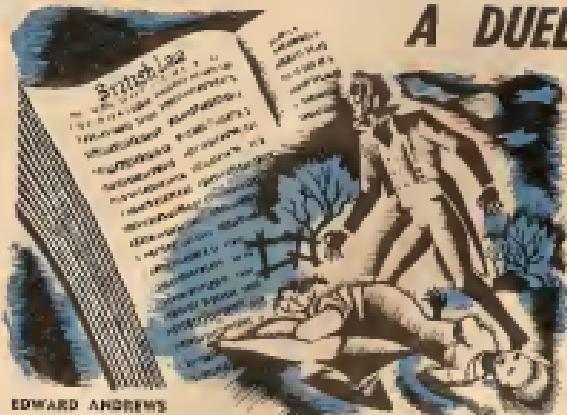
They held a full inquiry as Kinski Bent—and they could produce no shred of evidence that he had ever raised a weapon against the white men. He denied it heartily, and every Sioux witness they could produce backed him. The officials concerning the death of Colonel Baudard were of opinion that deathly in the heat of battle, and the man who made them were beyond ever accusation. All charges were dismissed. The matter of desertion—well, he was a traitor over thirty years ago by that time.

So Kinski Bent lived out his days as a pekka Sioux. His mite, or personal property, grew with his age. It was said that he could wish a man to death, without benefit of bone-piercer—a trick it was as well he had not learned fifty years earlier when, at last he died he had seen what to him must have seemed the impossible—Sioux and pekka marching off to fight for the British King at Culloden and in France.



the judge had to order

A DUEL



EDWARD ANDREWS

The stage at the village, for was a happy-go-lucky affair, but after the ball, a country belle was flung in a water-hole.

THE village square at the Tyburn Inn, Bedf ord, was a happy-go-lucky affair. Drapier stayed off the dance floor to drink heavily, merrily ate in the tap room, where wondered was the dark field beyond the inn.

It was the sun-baked year of 1811. There were men who disappeared, of whom William Bedford, the local landowner and magistrate, believed this sort of piracy prevented the laboring classes from doing a good day's work next morning. And Dr. Bedf ord, rector of Bedf ord parish, shook his head sadly. All employment, he felt, was sinful.

Mary Ashford enjoyed herself more than anyone else. She was just 21, she had a new dress and she knew she was the belle of the ball. In particular, she knew that Abraham Thornton was looking at her.

Thornton, the big, good-looking son of a prosperous builder, was the local Lordly. Girls gaped and blushed when he spoke to them and whispered to each other about his dreadful reputation as a seducer.

Thornton himself was attracted by Mary's fresh prettiness. After he had downed one or two nice pots of ale he whispered to an aching array

"That Ashford girl is the one. I've slept with her sister three times and I'm going to sleep with her."

He closed abstraction on her the rest of the night and walked home with her when the dance ended.

Thornton was a widely-experienced man. Mary was a simple country girl. Invariably they walked aside into the fields.

The people were soon walking together to the houses where Mary changed her clothes. Mary, alone, was soon an hour later trudging across the fields in work.

There was no sign of her escort. With a flurry of skirts she scurried out and beyond the hedge. The morning mist closed round her and she disappeared.

Two hours later, Mary's body was found in a lonely water-hole. Whether she fell in the pool while washing herself or whether she deliberately drowned herself in remorse for her lost chastity has never been cleared up.

But Magistrate Bedford had his own views. In those days England had no police force and magistrates had the duty of clearing up crimes in their areas.

Bedford, self-appointed and exasperated, set to work and triumphantly doctored some footprints in a field near the body.

On that slender foundation he built up a charge of murder against Thornton. The libertine had been on his way to Mary, chased her around the fields, snatched her and thrown her in the water hole, Mr. Bedford insisted.

Bedford's theory left a good many things unexplained.

Why, for instance, should Thornton rape and kill a girl who had slept with him willingly a few hours before?

And how could Thornton cheat,

rape and kill a girl, hide her body, then run two and a quarter miles—all in 18 minutes?

Mr. Justice Holford smoothly passed over the weekend when Thornton was tried at Warwick Assizes. The jury found Thornton not guilty.

The verdict created a sensation. Propaganda, led by Magistrate Bedford, created a wave of hate against Thornton.

Rev. Dr. Bedf ord preached on Mary's life in his parish church. He published a pamphlet, "Moral Review of the Conduct and Case of Mary Ashford."

A torchlight was erected over her grave by public subscription and Dr. Bedf ord composed the oration.

As a warning to Fornicating Virtue
and a brazen ministrant to
Fornicating Chastity

This stone marks the grave of
MARY ASHFORD
Who in the 26th year of her age
having unmercifully repudiated
to a Scorn of Ascension
without proper protection
was brutally violated and murdered

on the 25th May, 1811.

Even the London Times referred to the "unquestioned sense of public justice." Dozens of pamphlets and broadsheets were printed on the case. Most of them attacked Thornton and said openly that he should have been hanged.

Bedford's lawyers, paring through ancient wisdom, discovered a technical point. Thornton on trial a second time—an appeal procedure called an *appell of murder*.

Like most old laws, this procedure was once founded on common sense. Medieval barons often referred court cases by sending their second relatives to the trial town to intimidate public.

The appeal of murder was a civil action which could be brought before

Now here's a hint for every male
Who at a cocktail party likes
to rattle—
However not your conversation is
That women like to have it
Rattle!
I'd like to say the world of
your feet!
For you I'd go through fire
and water uncomplaining,
I can scarcely live without
you, sweet—
I'll go to you to-night, if it
ain't raining.

the King's purpose, by the victim's
next-of-kin. If the homicide was thus
done he could demand the death
penalty.

Ashford, acting through Mary's
brother, William, had Thornton arrested on the unusual charge of having
been used for more than 100 years.

The action begins a new round of
debate. Should the law protect the
principle of private vengeance? Was it right to try a man a second
time for the one charge?

Thornton's lawyers did not join in
the argument. They spent their time
driving into old books on appeal of
murder.

When Thornton was charged before
the full court of the King's Bench he
was asked how he pleaded.

He stood up in court and said
clearly: "Not guilty and I am ready
to defend the case with my body."

At the same time he threw a glove
on the floor of the court. (It struck
William Ashford on the head as it
fell.)

The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Elles-
borough, sat up abruptly. The other
judges forced their polished robes and
turned forward. This was the first
time in 300 years a defendant had
claimed the ancient right to try his
glove in battle with the accuser.

Thornton's lawyer magnificently ex-
plained the plea. That by battle had
been abolished tortures before an
West case. But the appeal of murder
procedure, even then, was so out-
dated that it had been overlooked.

Thornton had a clear right to establish
his innocence by fighting William
Ashford with swords or battle-axes.

This form of trial, widely used in
the Middle Ages, rested on the belief
that God would give victory to the
innocent party.

Ashford's lawyer protested weakly.
Should a man charged with murder-
ing a man be permitted to prove his
innocence by murdering the brother
as well, he demanded.

Lord Ellesborough did not ap-
prove of trying a man a second time.
He interrupted. "No, it is the law of
England. We must not call it murder."

The case dragged on through weeks
of argument. Lawyers quoted statutes
and common law going back to 1285 A.D.

There had been no trial except
since the Middle Ages, but often in
the time of Charles I, two litigants
had gone far enough to arrange the
time and place of their battle.

King Charles promptly drove them
both to prison until their tempers
cooled.

The case was argued delightfully in
lawyers' voices, chink and all the
process. What weapons were allowable?
Could Thornton and Ashford use swords?
Or maces? Or sticks? Or medieval weapons?
If one died, could the other be charged with murder?

Ashford's lawyers found a last loop-

hole. Where manslaughter had been
committed and homicide they lost the right
of trial by battle. They argued that
the prosecution's case was strong
enough to make this rule apply.

Lord Ellesborough would not give
way.

"The law of the land allows weapon
of battle," he said. "It is our duty
to prosecute the law as it is; not as
we may wish it. Whatever prejudice
may justifiably exist against this
mode of trial, the court must pro-
secute judgment for it."

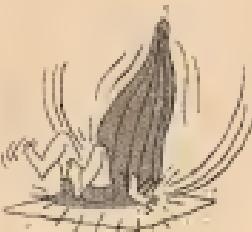
This was the end and Ashford
knew it.

Thornton was a big, powerful man
and Will Ashford was a slight,
weakly-built youth. There could be
only one outcome.

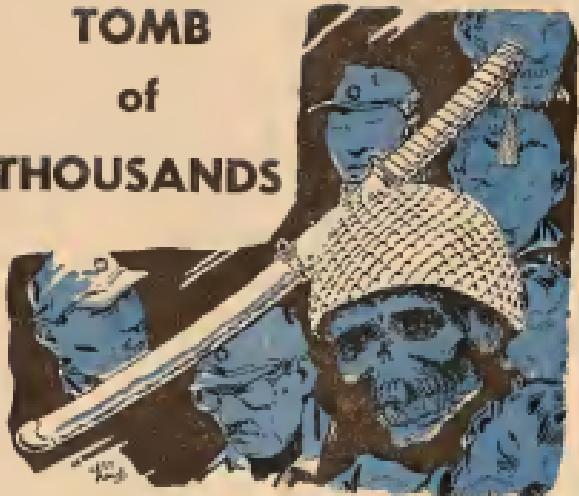
On April 20, 1952, Ashford formally
refused to accept battle and Thornton
was discharged.

On the same day the Attorney-
General announced in the House of
Commons that a new Bill was being
prepared to abolish appeal of murder
—and trial by battle.

There would be no seeking the
ancient statute today.



TOMB of THOUSANDS



Perhaps it was the Japanese idea of honour . . .
at all events the gods wished that they die.

ONE day, nearly ten years ago, two or three thousand Japanese soldiers died. That was not a surprising fact. It was the custom of their death, and the place in which their died, which caused as much comment at the time, and as much speculation afterwards.

There is a hill facing the Meridian Valley, behind the New Guinea town of Lae. It is called Mount Lamanea, and is roughly about half a mile high. The hill itself is a veritable honeycomb of tunnels, man-hewn dug

into the earth, and comparatively easy to climb from stretches in the valley below. At least that must have been what the Japanese thought when they diverted the tunnels and used them as bases. No one is quite sure of the uses of the tunnels. Some rumours had that there was a hospital base there. Others say that the Japs stored valuable equipment there. There were a few prisoners there too, whispered the suggestive names of Germans, man-harrows and Americans.

At any rate, whatever the tunnels the Japanese held, it is certain that the Japanese used them for bases for attacks upon the Lae aerodrome after the Allies had reoccupied the town. As the Allies planes came in to land the Japanese would fire on the planes, and dash back into the safety of the caves before any retaliation could be made.

You will say that the Japanese does not look a very difficult one. The Japs were entrenched, but surrendered. The Allies could hardly blast the entire hill to powder, but they could prevent the Japs from leaving their stronghold and sooner or later they would have to surrender.

But when they were called upon to surrender there was only a story silence. Days went past, and the messenger who had gone to deliver the ultimatum did not return. A second messenger volunteered to enter the caves and give those thousands of Japanese a last chance to live. He did not come back.

There could be only one answer to the innumerable silences of the little yellow men. Boulders, worked at night, broke down the entrances and vents to the tunnel, and for a depth of twenty to thirty feet back, solid earth sealed off the caves.

Whatever the gods to which the yellow men gave, however great their size or the worth of the naked form of death, *hara-kiri*, that night must have been one which sternly tested their faith before they died.

These are the facts. What is left is only speculation. How did they die? How many of us own men, apart from the unfortunate constituents, died with them? Why did they not surrender? Barely some of them would have preferred a few years in a prison camp, and then life again. But instead, they chose a death which

must have been appalling in its horror. Not the quick death they could expect from a rifle bullet, but the lingering torture of being smothered to death from lack of oxygen. It was a sort of Black-Death of Cretinism on a grand scale.

Perhaps it was the Japanese idea of honour that left without honour would be unsatisfactory, which influenced their great choice. Just as the British soldier in China died rather than kneel and worship publicly before a heathen god, and the Roman martyrs chose death in the lions' pit rather than give up their newfound religion, so the Japanese chose their honour. The gods ordained that they must die. They accepted the order of the gods.

The custom of *hara-kiri*, or "harmless suicide," really consists of a ceremonial dismemberment. It is almost as ancient as Japan itself, being originally instituted by the samurai, or military class, when they had no chance but to die.

True Japanese officers were over taken prisoner—unconscious or badly wounded. When shot down from planes in the Pacific, they invariably refused life lines thrown to them from enemy vessels.

Traditionally *hara-kiri* is carried out with tortoise and ferocity. No other nation of the Japanese shows more clearly the difference between their outlook on life—or death—and ours.

Blind obedience is engrained into their nature. They have no thought other than to obey—their gods, their code and their emperor. Consequently, most of them can meet the necessity for self-destruction with complete indifference.

One can only imagine the funeral hymns of the day and night after the ending of the war. Some must have drawn their swords immediately

Such, gentlemen! Men-
shaven have made 1,000 years
old have sprouted under the
green boughs of Chicago Uni-
versity's Dr. William F. Libby.
And Dr. Libby's discovery is
likely to cause some heated
discussion in historic circles,
as it had apparently been
held by experts that no seed
could retain life for more
than 200 years. This theory
has—before Dr. Libby—been
disputed only once... when
a French botanist collected
seeds from the Pyramids of
Egypt and presented them to
Giovanni under the claim
that they were thousands of
years old. It was only later
known that the Pyramids had
been historically "built." The
seeds had been fresh picked
from the plant and deposited
in the Pyramids by the Egyptian
folk with their usual
ritual ceremony.

did not intend to die without a last
effort at retaliation. "We don't know
just what lies in that vast tomb, but
to support several thousand retinues,
there must have been a good deal of
equipment. Does it still lie there,
rusting, among the bones of the men
who once used it? Or did they destroy
everything before they died? Or
perhaps were the machinery, arms
the tanks, not booty kept in the
bones of their dead recorded in a
sort of massive register.

So they must have died. Perhaps
they possessed the elusive supply of
air with a last exhalation in the
ghostly shadows of their tomb. We shall
never know.

Equipment worth thousands of
pounds, twisted wreckage, rotting
bodies, only small digits of metal left
in place to the identity of the keeps
of bones which litter the cave floor.
It will not be long now before the
caves will be re-opened, and much
of the speculation will become fact.
Now that the Japanese Peace Treaty
is finally signed, Army permission has
been given to open the sealed passa-
ges.

And the dates which loom so
horribly in the poor surviving mem-
ties they depict like pictures from a
drama, have a tragic quality of
horror in their realization. For they
desire that this picture which should
be sold for the sum of one Australian
pound. Such is the price of death!

The man who bought the tomb is
a gold-miner who travelled in 1945
to New Guinea with a view to buying
mining machinery there. On the
way he made the acquaintance of an
Army Depasul Officer on his way to
New Guinea for a role of unseaworthy
army material. In the course of a
chat the owner learned of the Mount
Luzonan stronghold, and when the
Army man said, "What'll you give for
it?" he laughed and offered a price.

So, for that price, the stronghold
changed hands, and an Australian
gold-miner found himself the posses-
sor of the elusive rights of one of the
most amazing lands which has ever
coloured the history of the world.

To a friend, he sold a half share
in his weird purchase. The two men
took their reward, and the sale was
written up in quite a few newspapers
and then pushed into the background
by the more momentous news of the
war. Until the signing of the Peace
Treaty, nothing could be done, and for
the most part, nobody had thought
very much about the subject. But now it is coming up again. Within a
few months the sealed entrances and
vents will be opened, and the mystery
of just what lies in the tunnels will
be revealed.

Mobilization does well tell us

whether there were any Allied pris-
oners in that fatal plane, and Japanese
dies will tell the number of Japanese
dead. We will know whether the poor wretches died by
their own hand, or slowly asphyxiated.
We will be able to find out
for just what purpose the tunnels
were built. That is, we will be able
to tell all these things if the Japanese
did not apply a sealed earth policy
and destroyed what they could.

There will be a few formalities to
be gone through before the two men
can open up the caves, and then the
stage will be set to write the ending
to one of the strongest stories of
either history or fiction. Will they
find a vast treasure trove of valuable
equipment and machinery, or will the
faint laugh yet again and provide a
final unexpected sequel to the drama?



and goes with, however to their death!
For they must all have realized that
there could be no hope of any of
them surviving the ordeal. That
fact they must have discussed and
accepted before they refused to sur-
render. But of all these hundreds
there must have been some one
there who clung to the last shreds of
hope, until they too were shaken into
oblivion. And they could not all
have remained alive while their com-
panions died around them, with death
striking them as unmercifully, yet
so inexorably.

And perhaps there were others, who

The gang sat under the old apple tree and drank whisky; strangely they were golden not tan.



AMERICA'S FIRST NINETEENTH HOLE

FRANK BROWNE

THE game had been hitting a ball and chasing it for nearly five hundred years before the disease spread across the Atlantic. In fact, it was a cold, wintry morning in February, 1894, before the first game of golf was played on American soil.

The father of the game was one John Reid, who invited some friends to his workshop and showed them two sets of clubs that he had produced. They discussed three proposed holes, and Reid and one John J. Updin went to work, while the gallery of clowns looked on.

That's how it started, and the golf-

ing bug was biting viciously by spring, so much so that the cow-pastures wouldn't hold the people who wanted to play. This all happened in Westchester County, New York, and the greatest golf hole-builder was the local butcher, who offered the use of thirty acres of land for a course. This offer was accepted, and for four years the golfer, who remained uninterested by the offerings of those who had the disease in pairs of crowns, was playing a game too silly for kids, whacked away.

The set of clubs had grown to six, carried, not in a bag, but over the

shoulders. There were three woods, a driver, brasses and spurs, and thus irons, a cleek, a sand-iron, and a putter. The golfer carried a bell to play with and one spare ball.

Progress clashed with golf in 1898, when the New York City Council decided to extend Palisade Avenue to a point where it went right through the course.

A good Samaritan named Weston, who lived in an apple orchard, came to their aid. He made the provision that they were not to injure the trees, at least not intentionally, and they were quite happy. The course meandered through the trees, and over the first tee, a large apple tree served the purpose of the Nineteenth Hole. A basket of sandwiches had been set out, and a two-fifths jug-bucket of whisky from another.

All in all, there was every opportunity for a good and pleasant消遣 (xiǎoqiè) time to be enjoyed by the congregation. In short, it was a primitive attempt to Win Friends and Influence People.

The Club Members, who numbered thirteen, became known as the Old Apple Tree Gang. With the maturation of the new course, an active drive for membership began, but only seven new members came along in seven years.

But even with a membership of twenty, the Club fell into two factions. Reid, who had started the game, wanted all efforts to enhance the game from a six-hole track to nine, or even eighteen, which had been done by a new Club at Shinnecock Hills and at Westover, in Chicago.

Arguments about improving the course, and even moving, became bitter and frequent, and one charter was made that the Old Apple Tree Gang was not prepared to move too far from the apple tree. Finally, the

members were settled, and the Club started to look around for enough ground to lay out an eighteen-hole course. They found it in the shape of a "horseshoe" farm surrounded by plenty of ground.

There is no record of any golfers having been seen after the golfer went in, and the Club membership increased by leaps and bounds. They had never wanted much about a name, but now they called themselves the St. Andrews Golf Club.

They even decided to fly a flag. The flag is a emblem that wasn't discovered for some time. Reid, who ordered the flag, was quite certain that he knew what St. Andrew's Cross looked like. He ordered a red cross on a white ground. This happens to be St. Patrick's Cross. St. Andrew's Cross is a white or silver cross on a blue ground. However, even with the wrong flag flying above the Clubhouse, everybody seemed happy.

In the first summer after opening, a challenge to a match was received from the Shinnecock Club. It was accepted eagerly. When the Shinnecock boys turned up, the Apple Tree Gang, who didn't just as they liked, very nearly collapsed. The visitors were armed like Indians in all the glory, in red coats like hunting jackets, bright plaid kilts, breeches and long putters.

Despite the remarkable attire, and the unnerving effect on the home side, the Apple Tree Club won handily.

But their interest in golfing had been tried, and a committee drew up a uniform, which had to be worn at all times in playing or relaxing in the Clubhouse. They left, nothing out. The uniform consisted of red coats with three buttons. Then blue checked breeches, pearl grey hose, with blue and white bands. Scottish plaid hose, and grey putters.

THREE letters written by the King to Winston Churchill sum up the deep friendship which was brought between the two men. In April, 1940: My Dear Mr. Churchill; in January, 1941: My Dear Mr. Prime Minister; in December, 1941: My Dear Winston.

were added to the members' attire. On the links, a blue check cap was worn. The red coat had a blue collar with silver buttons on it.

Members were permitted to wear their own ties, but a high-winged collar had to be worn.

It certainly was a natty outfit, by any standards.

Any member forgetting his red coat was fined two shillings, later changed to a quart of Scotch.

The Club took a bold step in 1882 by importing the famous Scottie pro, Willie Park, to play on matches and exhibitions. Park turned up in a red coat with a blue collar, on which was the motto, "fair and square."

He was fair and square all right, at least for three days, and he showed it in a match with another Scot, Willie Campbell. Sponsored by a bet on his neck, Park broke the course record with an 11, winning 4 and 3. The wagering was enormous.

This year, golf ran against the Sunday sport laws. A law was passed forbidding Sunday baseball, and the

increased baseballing in one district tried to vent their wrath on the golfers. This led to a riot, and the rest of the ball players, who showed they were no sports by peltin' the Sunday golfers to the palms. The police arrived, and visited the entire Club. They spent six nights in the cells, and next morning a Judge was in the middle of pronouncing to send them all to jail when somebody reminded him that it was election year, and that one of the players would probably decide who went on the ticket.

So he acquited them, the master will accepted a fine sum, and golf on Sunday was permitted without hindrance.

In 1891, the Club was again forced to shift its ground. This was Diana Park, and the Club settled down at Mt. Hope, where it is possible to make no clubhouse and come into shapelessness.

The following year, the Club was visited with what must surely be the funniest robbery that any golf club has known. Gold was discovered in the clubhouse, and nearly half the membership joined the gold rush. As far as is known, none of them struck it rich, which was unfortunate, because in the next year, river rats brought about a financial crisis.

The crisis was solved by the acquisition of a dynamic man as chairman. This was one Joseph P. Thomas. A man who had been fairly successful in business, and wanted another interest, he took to the job of picking St. Andrews in financial security, like a duck takes to water.

Within two years the Club has cleared out of the red, and has never been back there.

Thomas was a man of direct speech. He was no orator, but nobody ever had much difficulty in working out what he meant.

One of the Club's traditional stories concerns the origin of a sand trap near the claypan hole. It wasn't there until half-way through Thomas' second year as chairman. Played one day he sliced his drive badly. When he finished running, he turned to his opponent, who happened to be a caddy, and said, "Right there is where we'll build a sand-trap. We'll teach these short drivers, sitting down-tilts-bridal. But they can't sit away with the staff here."

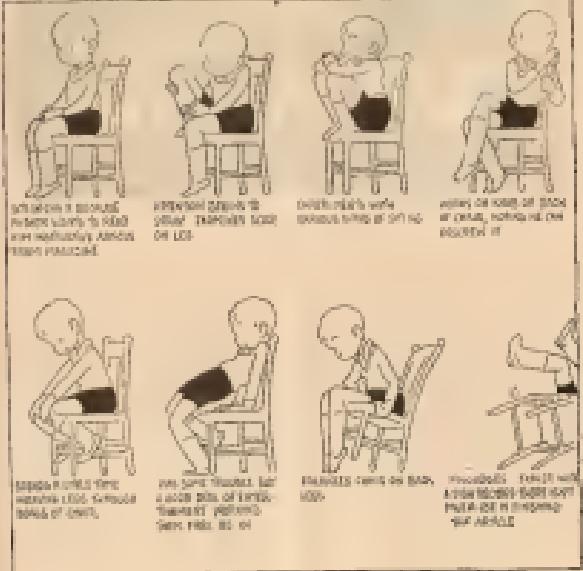
Thomas retreated to the middle for

ten years, and left the Club that he had joined when it was struggling, as the premier Club of America.

The Apple Tree that played such a prominent and joyful part in American golfing history has been preserved, and is to-day in the room of the Donald residence at 68 Palmetto Drive, Vicksburg. That is all except one side, eight inches by two inches, which, properly mounted and inscribed stands at the Club House at the Royal and Ancient, Scotland.

THE END

DR. CLAUDIO WILLIAMS



Eleanor had no difficulty in stretching out her mouth, Rovett; she stretched her neck,



J. W. HILLING

ELEANOR Wheeler had a perfect look for a Bengali's rope. Whether that had any effect on her mind no one will ever know.

And Eleanor could stretch her mouth as well as her neck. She went to live with a man named Peasey, and adopted his name, becoming Mrs. Peasey, a name she was to make famous. Peasey went through after a while, but the kept his name.

Eleanor went to live at 3 Prince Street, Kinston Town, and she was living there when she met Frank Hogg, who lived mostly in Prince of Wales Road. Frank had a way with

the ladies, or the Eleanor was very striking. At that time he was managing his mother's general store and he was reported to be married, but Eleanor fell readily in love with him and he could not resist her blandishments. He accepted the invitation of her house, but went on with his marriage to the other woman.

Eleanor was not a bit pleased at not being one of the star turns of the wedding ceremony. She shouldn't have minded a little there like that. After her marriage Frank still had the key of her house—and used it.

He changed his occupation and be-

came a furniture dealer. The mother and sister, Clara, living with him at the house in Prince of Wales Road. He also did a little double-dealing with the women. He introduced Eleanor to his wife on a casual way as a friend, and the two women became great pals. At last, Mrs. Hogg thought they were great pals. Eleanor had her own ideas. She didn't like sharing her loves.

Frank continued to use two Negroes at home and one at Eleanor's place.

In course of time another Little Hogg came into the world. It added to Eleanor's festering animosity. She wrote postcards reviling letters to Frank.

In October, 1914, one of these letters must have fallen into the wrong hands, for there was a growing suspicion on the Hogg household that Frank might be more than a friend to Eleanor. Perhaps he talked on his sleep. Or he may have been absent in his ways, for Eleanor mother talked not then, yet she paid her rent.

One day the refined Eleanor sat down in her kitchen, took a lead pencil and scrawled an invitation to Mrs. Hogg to come over and have a dish of afternoon tea. She then went out into Princey Street, called a small boy who belonged to a neighbor and hired him for a penny to take the note round to Prince of Wales Road.

Mrs. Hogg took the note from the boy and showed it to a sister and a niece, who were visiting her at the time. Visiting each other was presumably the main occupation of the women of the region.

That afternoon, Mrs. Hogg placed her baby with motherly care in a four-wheeled pramulator and set off in strolling round to visit her pal Mrs. Peasey. She did arrive, for two passers-by saw her and the baby en-

ter into Eleanor's message.

When Frank Hogg came home from work, he found a hasty-scolded note on the kitchen table, written, "Well not be long. Quarter past three." As it was then many hours after three, he felt that the note was telling him or something was wrong.

Hogg found Clara and learned about the invitation from Eleanor.

He decided to step round to Princey Street and see if the dish of tea was finished. He had an arranged signal with Eleanor. If she had gone out for some hours she always left the light burning in the back bedroom to indicate that fact to him. He let himself in with his key, found the house empty and the light burning in the back bedroom. He hung around for a few moments, hoping that someone would show up, then wrote a note and left it on the kitchen table. "About twenty past ten," it said. "Darned step latches."

Very worried now, but also very tired, he decided to go home to bed.

But in the morning he was not so tired and his wife and child were still among the running. He started to search for them, going first to Chockey Woods. Before he went he told his sister Clara to make a call on Eleanor, so it would seem that Frank had a lurking feeling of trouble.

He arrived at his wife's father's home and found that she had not been there. Really worried now, he started back to Kinston Town. But during his absence things had been happening.

Let us fasten on with Clara on her visit to Eleanor. Eleanor was in Clara's aid of the bad mom Mrs. Hogg.

Eleanor beat about the bush for a while, then she said, "Well, as a matter of fact, she was here. She called and wanted to borrow some money

STATE OF THE NATION (XIII)

Old Mother Nature will cover the shutters up about—
Uses the rain to keep us in, the sun to bring us out,
And then to press the hours too fast, she would just as soon
Send rain down in December, and give a sunny June—
Or is the June sun an attempt on Nature's part to break out
Of the awkward situation that's created by the blockade?
Lies skulking by for them Nature, as the British ports will stand
And say of June in winter what of summer June is said
In England and in ports afar where bodies have frozen June
Because it's warm and days are long and nights have brighter moon'.

But our June bodies have none of that—and so they must scatter
To far less floral weddings when nights are long and days are short,
A honeymooning hazard which, I note with some dismay,
Cornish couples overlook in June—or, really, do they?

Madness comes to the aid of Jay-Fej.

from me, but I didn't have any to lend her. So we went away without covering in."

Clara departed. Eleanor went with her.

There was something wrong, all right. At seven o'clock the night before, a cleric named Blundell, wandering his way usually betweenabout the Chancery Road, almost reinvented his capricious hair when his popping eyes beheld the figure of a woman lying across the pathway of a house in the course of construction. There was a dark jacket over the woman, and he went closer and lifted the jacket. Then he did go down his haversack, for the woman's head had been almost severed from the body. He ran to the Seven College Hadbury Station and spattered out his story to the constable on duty there, who sent for a doctor.

The next day's morning papers were full of the discovery.

Inspector Barrister had been given charge of the case, and he led Clara and Eleanor to the mortuary. He also led them to a slab and dragged back a sheet. It wasn't very bright for purposes of identification that the face of the victim was still very bloodstained. Clara clutched back her rising nausea at the sight at the mortuaries and took a good look, but she wasn't sure.

"I cannot recognize her face," she said, "but those are her clothes all right."

Eleanor stood with a blank expression. She said nothing. The inspector turned to Dr. Head and asked him to wash the face.

Eleanor chided Clara. "Oh, that's not Phoebe!"

"Oh, yes, it's her," said Clara, the

tears running down her face as she studied one of the dead hands.

Eleanor pulled at Clara's sleeve and said, with horror, "Don't touch it!"

Clara pulled herself free. "Don't touch me!" she said. "You go out!"

The inspector was carefully watching the scene, and from that moment, without any real evidence, he had suspicion of Eleanor. The newspaper later raked up the old story of "Gored by touch." In ancient days, if a suspected person touched a corpse and the corpse lived, then the suspect was judged guilty.

Barrister took the two women back to the station, and asked some questions, learned from Clara of Phoebe's visit to Eleanor, looked at the pair and scolded Eleanor, and remarked, "I think it desirable to search your lodgings. I suppose you have no objection?"

The inspector gave the key to Detective Parsons and Sergeant Murray and told them to get on with the job.

"I think I should be there," remarked Eleanor, and they agreed.

The policemen gave Eleanor back her keys and she opened up the house. She led the way inside and unlocked the front room. The two men saw nothing there in candlelight, so passed through to the kitchen. The blinds were drawn and would not work, making the room very dark. Murray pushed one aside. Two window panes had been smashed and appeared to be bloodstained. There were also stains on the walls and ceiling.

Eleanor had not accompanied them into the kitchen. She stayed in the front room, sat down at the piano, and began to play. Murray went to her and asked about the stains in the kitchen. She didn't stop playing as she said, "Killing me! Killing me!"

Eleanor was not a bit satisfied with that story, so he went out and telegraphed to Barrister, who soon showed up and led a thorough search.

Eleanor gave up playing, dropped onto an armchair and whined sadly to herself. She had a habit for whining, as well?

The search was a good one. The intruder's tools consisted of a bloodstained poker, two carving knives, one bloodstained, a black shirt and spear, which turned strong, although the spear had been twisted, while some live eels had been found in a hole, also stained with gore.

Following these digressions, Barrister asked some questions. Barrister stopped whistling long enough to give an unwhistled answer. So he announced her for the "wilful murder of Mrs. Hagg and also on suspicion of the wilful murder of the teenage child of Mrs. Hagg." Eleanor told him he had made a great mistake, but she did not mind being arrested.

She was taken to the police station, formally charged, and tried a civil where she would go on whistling.

In the meantime the police were searching the district, and a constable named Rader found the perambulator of Mrs. Hagg tied with string against a willow on Hamilton Terrace. Under a brown skin rug cover, he found a waterproof apron, a piece of gingham, and a piece of buttonhook. The gingham was bloodstained and the handle broken.

Soon after, the body of the baby boy was found on some vacant land.

The jury found Eleanor guilty. Mr. Justice Dunning said "To be hanged by the neck till you are dead." The black-clad chaplain said "Amen," and Eleanor started down out of the dock.

Later, in Newgate Prison, a noose knotted about a long neck.

SUICIDE with public aid

"TINHUPAT"



When a Malay runs "snak" he carries a way to his Paradise over killed bodies placed by a kins.

In the days when opium smoking was a common habit among Chinese, it was not unusual for a confirmed addict—who, through poverty, was no longer able to satisfy his intense craving for the drug—to take his own life by hanging himself from the boughs of a convenient tree. In a fit of black despair, the Japanese may commit the traditional act of "seppuku" or cut himself into the center of a volcano. In both instances self-extinction is achieved with single economy.

Now when a Moslem of the Malay-

an Moslem—commits suicide he usually does so in a violently spectacular fashion, and for all to see, he "runs snak." The Malay is "tinhupat"—a term which is also applied metaphorically to anyone who thus ends a violent rage.

The Malay who runs snak deliberately courts death at the hands of others, thereby being spared the act of self-destruction. And as his fanaticism is firmly believed that, by slaying as many bodies as possible before being killed himself, he is assured of entry into Paradise.

Many years ago the Philippine authorities were forced to take drastic measures to curb the all too-frequent incidence of snak by the fanatic Moslems, a proud and turbulent race of Moslems inhabiting Jolo and other islands of the southern group. When killed in the act of running snak, or after execution of those alive, the dead men, was allegedly cast into a grave together with the carcass of a pig specially slaughtered for the occasion. This effort to Mohammedan non-cooperation, it is claimed, proved a powerful deterrent, and "snak" thereafter became confined to sporadic cases in which the murderer had been under real and grievous provocation.

At this time, as a young administrative officer in the service of the British North Borneo government, I was stationed at Lahad Datu, the central headquarters of the East Coast Stanley. This part of North Borneo lies close to the South Philippines which whence sea-borne Moslems came occasionally to trade.

As the incidence of snak in the Philippines just then was alarmingly high, these fanatic Moslems were not encouraged to linger too long in any part of our territory. Nevertheless, somehow these fanatical influence found expression from time to time in a few isolated but typical cases of snak by our own natives. In one of the most of these I myself was involved.

At noon one stifling September day, an uproar suddenly broke out in Lahad Datu's shopping center, the bay at the base of the hill upon which stood the government offices and consularities barracks. Police whistles shrilled, the armed constabulary was hurriedly mustered, and we rushed down the hill into the town, but, through mistaken identity for shouts of "fire," I was armed

only with a light walking stick, and the police with nothing but their robust bodies.

As we reached the main thoroughfare, the street, usually thronged at this time of day, was deserted but for three inert bodies sprawling in the roadway, while the panic-stricken crowd scattered on the narrow sidewalk. The sun was dazzling as the hysterical mob rallied and struggled, frantically trying to pass those who were now covering rapidly the Charcoal shops or standing fearfully in the half-open doorways.

For a second or two I stood in the middle of the road endeavoring to take in the situation, but before I could collect my wits, from a nearby auto-shanty there suddenly shot into view a running man, naked but for a white hand cloth and a white turban round his shaven head.

In a flash I realized that the man bearing down on my direction was no "snak," but as he rushed open air with blood-stained "snak" raised to strike, I dashed headlong across the road to the crowded sidewalk, excepting the machine's stroke by inches.

Fortunately for me, the snak, who had veered in passing, suddenly changed his road and continued on what was his original run along the main street. And as I stood on seeking comparative safety I saw him cut down a little Chinese girl who, in her panic, had run blindly from the sidewalk right across the snak's path.

The unfortunate child was his fifth and last victim, for a moment later the snak of a rifle was held above the turmoil, one of my police who had rushed back to the barracks for his carbine had fired and brought the madman down. But the bullet, though entering the man's back, missed all vital parts, and he lived

McDonald, George, in 1912, Frank Smith was as fed up with being mistaken for other Frank Smiths that he armed his son from the same date by christening him "A Smith." Even sources not now current addressed "Mr. A. Smith." But his wife calls him "Willie."

She looked at him smug and mockery, she was fond-spared and indulged on every possible occasion, and she called up by forbidding him the house and refused to countenance his introduction to her sister Jessie.

Dulayen brooded darkly over this for several days, and sooner or it did harm on the face of his job, he became sunk in deep despondency. At length he resolved to end it all, he would kill both Jessie and her estranged sister, Lorraine, and then run away to end his own existence.

But his plan faltered. The two girls now him escaped and fled into the mangrove swamp behind their house. To pursue and stay them there would, he knew, end in his own death or capture before he could take the lives of his girls. So Dulayen turned away from his purpose, hurried back to the town and carried out the other part of his plan.

The events I have described show how little the reasons for a Moslem's suicide differ from those that motivate others who are driven to take their own lives. But whereas the latter do so, we suppose, in cold-blooded despair, the Mosle who runs such risks himself up into a decorated state of unpredictable passion and lust to play. But his preparatory regimen, notwithstanding, are often deliberated and methodically arranged.

He spends hours sharpening his killing knife, until his wife has the liveliness of a reaper. He shaves his head and bodies thoroughly lest, unclean, he be denied admittance to Paradise. Whether naturally devout or otherwise, he goes through a ceremony of praying at the village mosque.

These preparations over, the monk then grooms his body with coconut oil from head to toe, the better to escape being captured alive. That done, he does two lengths of row, un-

washed white cotton—wore as an unknotted lung cloth, the other as a turban round his shaved head.

All is now ready, and he makes forth at a jog trot, his gleaming "kris" in one hand, in the other a short end of iron with which to ward off any chance blows. As further insurance of his diabolical preparations, the kill at each weapon is secured in the went by a loop of cord lest it should slip from his grasp and wreck his purpose.

With eyes gleaming wildly, he head poking furiously from side to side, the mosquito loops down the main thoroughfare, alert for every threatening force against him. He holds the shank bling with half-closed arm, the weapon expertly poised in a steady hand, readying first one and

then another, then it flashes out unerringly as the decorated man selects the unfortunate directly in his murderous path.

Such a scene follows the unprovoked attack, sudden and unexpected, and all are master in uttermost terror, while the swiftest apprehension sets the dying eyes of many victims. The man is now parting with exertion, his both are barely from platform at the corners of his wide parted lips, and beads of sweat burst through the oil to trickle down his face and glutinous limbs.

The bodies of half a dozen dead and dying lie prostrate on his wake—but the swiftness over and is over. A rifle cracks over, this apla—th, the man drops dead in his tracks His purpose is achieved.



to be tried and hanged for murder. At the trial the story behind the attack was, of course, unfolded in great detail. Dulayen (when I killed at first to retrieve his wife, and shaved head) had been one of the native crew who served the government steam launch.

He was a handsome young fellow with a moy of thick, curly hair of which he was very proud but he was hot tempered and of a rather disposition, and a show of combation had brought about his instant dismangal a few days before the no attack. There was, however, another more potent reason for his fated attack.

It transpired that Dulayen had been courting a beautiful young girl who lived with her older sister in the native village on the outskirts of the town. Unfortunately, the older woman coveted Dulayen for herself, but finding that he spurned her advances she turned upon him the fury of a jealous woman.

THE END of Arguments



Are flowers often sensitive to people?

Yes, we aren't joking! Believe us or not—and we have experts to back up!—it has been proved that if you are vicious enough to not a vase of carnations close to a noisy engine, the thought-savage odors will please not, the flowers will gradually turn away from the music as if the sound were too much for them (and we can't say we blame them, either). But that's not the least of it. Flowers have many other miseries in which they make human beings. For example, flowers can catch cold from droplets; they can be crippled by chloroform, and they can become infected with scandal (the scandal!)

Can The Beast A Name?

You seriously can . . . if you happen to go to Hollywood, anyway. Many fiction-writers over as often wake up in shuddering cold sweat, haunted with the possibility of inventing the same name as the villain bore in their latest novels. And these nightmares are to some extent justified. No statistic can ever be certain that someone will not claim that his name has been awarded to a more than morally reprehensible character and as his name a low-cut, one Hollywood shade, however, seems to have solved the problem . . . though the procedure may tend to lend a touch of sanctity to the list of characters. The author's reply to potential blackmail is to carpenter

ter, see Frank Josephson, who for the past 14 years has rated his name in the company as that the other "Frank Josephson" can bring no action. So far, Mr. Josephson's name has been used to screen divorce, dead bodies and a host but of the more notorious types of degenerates. His private life, however, seems to consist in a quiet and peaceful passiveness.

Who's Child at the Crib-Pen?

No! No! If you're about to believe "Why, the hell, of course," you may as well stop your breath for the next time you have to beat one through the barbed wire. Scientists report that crib-snatching in the cow pen is a matter of who butts whom. After four year's close study of bovine behavior, the experts claim that when two cows who do not know each other meet, they begin a butting duel. At the end, the winner establishes her social superiority for all time . . . and with it the right to beat the loser with or without offense and without any retaliation. The experts add that butting contests between two others end in a draw (We shall take their word . . . without comment . . . in short). Such a usual milestone, however, was never observed among less classically-tilted cows. And if you want to argue, you can just go out and be one with cows for four years. After that, we might condone to debate with you.

World laughs with you





Don't think all models are pretty, they're not. How a complete colony of them help each other, and help each other keep fit, too! The free and easy hours on the beach are times of mental relaxation as well as of physical conditioning . . .



To you, Mr. Public, the model might be a girl who has Arrived—but among themselves models, too, have ambitions. Beauty is only the first rung of a long ladder; and these two beauties swap daydreams as they discuss what the next rungs are to be.

MYSTERIES OF THE SAHARA



When you live in the desert, you develop a tolerance. It's one way you can stay sane.

ANDREW CONDON

FEW people know that the wide open spaces can be more frightening than the darkness of panics or the most sinister alleys in New York and Chicago.

One of the most frightening places in the world is the Sahara Desert. The sounds of the desert are rare and often inexplicable.

These are the simplest and drumming sounds, especially in the sand hills and dunes of the Gouraud district. Travellers have often been startled by the drumming, for at the world like half a dozen bass drummers beating crazily. Nobody has explained it satisfactorily yet.

This and other mysteries a French expedition hopes to solve when it leaves for a three-year journey through the desert wastes until sometime in 1954. It arrives in that mysterious and inaccessible city in the heart of Africa—Timbuktu.

The French have always been interested for exact knowledge of their vast African domain, and they are looking forward to the day when they can ride across the Sahara in a Pullman car, sipping red drinks. Even then the trip will take four to five days; the track will be 1,200 miles long. When completed, experts of Legouesque will be stationed at in-

ervals along the road to protect it from Berbers.

Mysteries happen in the Sahara every day, though few people ever hear of them.

Six months ago, an entire platoon (30 men) of Legionnaires disappeared in the Sahara. No trace of them has been found and senior officers are convinced that an Arab assassin the Berbers had nothing to do with it.

A horridom, sandstorm might have wiped out the men. In a few hours a violent wind can build a sandhill hundreds of feet high and dig a hollow as deep.

Other Legionnaires simply shrug and say, "The desert get 'em. That's all."

The French Government has several times tried to mark routes by placing concrete pyramids about 15 feet high at intervals of half a mile, but the sand covers them quickly and even as fast stretching the pyramids can seldom be seen from the previous one.

Desert horses carry only a dozen passengers. They have no sets of wide double wheels. They are able to climb the highest dunes and suddenly stop in the salt sand. The drivers, generally natives, charge sandhills with abandon, but accidents are rare.

It is not generally known that a sandstorm always upward for many thousands of feet, many a plane has found it impossible to get above it.

Experienced desert drivers carry matches, rags and shovels. If they see a storm approaching they load quickly, cover the place with the sandhills, cover the engine, plug exhaust pipes and finally shelter in a trench with food and water until the storm passes.

But French police and military officers still want to know what happened to three fliers who landed before a storm last July. The plane

was sighted from the air next day and another plane was sent to investigate.

They found the landed plane quite unharmed, though sturdy. Yet there was no trace of its crew. The sand hadn't buried up very deeply. Nevertheless the men noted the plane was thoroughly char to make sure the missing men weren't buried. They haven't been seen since. Yet all three were veteran desert fliers.

Lowell Ralph, a British soldier, was trying to paint a mural on the desert in 1941, when he saw a huge figure sailing towards him over the sand. The thing rose to meet the apparition, which turned out to be himself.

Desert experts put this sort of thing down to optical illusions, but Ralph and others who have experienced it say it's more than illusion. Men found wandering in the desert have spoken moderately about specters and shapes they have seen.

Insighters can play a man false, in the desert loneliness, eye gazing, thirsty, hardly hot, longing to the unknown which you can imagine anything.

The Berbers, who lived in North Africa long before the coming of the Arabs, know many of the desert secrets, but are reluctant to reveal them.

The French expedition hopes to gain some of them later.

Five white men have been inside a Berber home. A British Army colonel, Colonel E. K. Sinclair, is known to have entered one in 1946, but he didn't come out—not alive anyway.

The Berbers could clear up many a mystery if they felt like it, but as far as anybody has perceived in making them feel like it. The new expedition, just might be successful. It just might.

Crime Capsules



THE ART OF THE

Ah, alibit! They're curious. Turned by nearly every state government, Joseph F. Fletcher, of New York, told a story purporting to solve the hide of even the most calloused of contortionists. Considered Mr. Fletcher historically: "Four months ago, my wife walked out on me, leaving me to take care of my five kids. I turned on the alarm to get arrested so that I could not be a bit of power and quiet." On the same domestic main, H. Leontine Boston, claimed for "keeping a house in his room," emulated dolefully: "I was lonely." But perhaps the record-holder was a son, Mr. Clay Christensen, in the habit of shooting a Pennsylvania railway locomotive. Protected the un-named Christensen: "I need the shooting thing. I had to carry a message from General Meade to President Lincoln."

A HISTORY OF THE CHURCH

Arrested for what he obviously considered the misdemeanour of "burning his wife," James Nease, of Buryton (England) was deeply irritated by police. Inspector at a press conference, "Who," he protested indignantly, "I wasn't trying to kill her at all ... it was just that money makes me do it." Newcastle, Mrs. Floyd S. Sampson was arrested to be arrested on a charge of drunken

driving. "How unlucky can you be, love?" she wailed. "And I was just celebrating by being let out of the society after serving seven months for driving under the influence."

ASPECT OF LIFE

Tarred by goodness where he crawled on the sky-light of a building, Col. Deacon, of Alabama (U.S.), was inclined to be crusty. "Ain't this a free world or ain't it?" he queried querulously. "Can't a gal stand here and watch people go by from a window like this?"

物理學系 數學系

Appalled at "speeding with his high-speed garbage truck" into the side of an opposed motorist, Fuzza Patisa, Detroit (MI) collector, refused to allow a smile on his otherwise "This here map," he explained, "shows him high speed to get home for success."

PROSEED DENTISTS

In Cleveland (U.S.), Mrs. Lucy Stony called on schoolteacher James Fornas to protest against "a with hook" and a "hives-lick" causing which Mr. Fornas had already inflicted on her son, Dan, 13. With two black eyes, dental cuts and a split lip, Mr. Fornas weakly denied the boy's room, Mrs. Stony promptly pulled him out and continued operations.



☆ Benefits: Study the Paul Formula

RAT TRAP

EDWARD LEONARD — FICTION

FOR FOUR DAYS AND NIGHTS OF HELL THEY HUNTED HIM THROUGH DARK, DECAYING CELLARS OF THE WATERFRONT.

He crouched flat on his stomach in the dark dust behind the packing-case and passed through a crack in the creaking planks of the room which was waiting to kill him.

He breathed softly, hardly breathed at all; every muscle remained taut; even the aching eyes remained fixed and the spirit, crazing him, darted back and forth in violent fury as it searched for a way to escape.

He was big. His shoulders and back bristled with knotted muscles of great power. He was proud of that power.

But this was something new to him, this thing that had him crouching in apprehension, afraid to move—yes, afraid—and for the first time uncertain what to do next . . .

For despite his ruthlessness in leadership, his severe methods of dealing with a subordinate in his ranks or a rival to his position, he had always been too wary to risk being traced by allowing any sort of violence "on the job." The ranks were sized perfectly—a long period of observation first, a note of the

time when the store to be visited would be deserted, and then a sudden sweep in the darkness. If all went well—and it usually did—the staff was carried off in silence and distributed from the old warehouse where the gang met. If there was a hitch somewhere they simply vanished to well-scattered hiding places.

He had prided himself on the smooth-working system. Many months had been spent in preparing these intervals and in becoming perfectly familiar with every link of the apprentices to them. By the time the sweep was ready to start on a big scale, each one of them was ready to "disappear" should they be disturbed at work.

The system had been perfect, and he kept it that way by strictly forbidding any active resistance should the gang be "caught in the act." Whether they blood it or not, they were to drop everything and take to the routes of escape that they knew.

The man who was waiting to kill moved closer, rifle ready for the capture.



'Young women of apparent leisure, beautiful as Helen of Troy; women as the Cliffs Lazarus, witty as Mine, de stache, dressed as Florence Nightingale, accompanied as a group numbering eight, gloriable as Dr. Beaumont; loving as Edie Marlowe; with voices of an angel; an artistic touch and a splendid fortune, dearest correspondents you can't!—Ad, in *National Column* of *World's Magazine*.

Well, we had!

as well. He was too wise not to know that, powered though the gang was, it could never by a match for the combined forces of society which surely would be aggregated against it if violence and bloodshed were indulged in its activities.

Of course, there had been a few among the gang who were foolish enough to object to so constantly running away; most of them were the anti-social ones who would have liked to take his place.

One by one their broken bodies had been found floating in the dark waters of the Rio Grande. The last terminated no aerial.

And so everything had gone smoothly for nearly three years, with the gang following such jubilant color-of with an even better one, and with the authorities completely baffled by the policy—dictated by his own instinct—of operating in different areas each time. The headquarters in the old warehouse remained unmanaged and unvisited; no one well-plastered sign after another was "posted over."

These had been the four days and

Everything had gone smoothly until that night.

He turned suddenly as the man who was trying to kill him moved—but it was only to shift to a more comfortable position. He relaxed again slightly as the man leaned back against the wall, his rifle held in the crook of his arm, watching where the fugitive might eventually come out.

But the fugitive had made his decision; he would wait for nightfall, which never was seen now. In the dim daylight which filtered into the warehouse he would make a perfect target for the officer, either at 20 feet away—and even if he got past this man, the place was completely surrounded, he knew. He had heard the screams and shots as, one by one, those of the gang who had been trapped in the warehouse with him had panicked and tried to break through. They didn't have a chance. He could see the bodies of three of them even, with the heated vision afforded by the crook of the passing gun.

That night—that hellish night—had been responsible for it all. His teeth curled back in a snarl of frustrated fury as he thought of it. The well-arranged road, the hurried activity in the darkened river, and his own decision to probe alone among the rocks at the front gate. He should, where he might find the ready high-quality stuff.

Then the sudden stab of light blinding him as the night-vision beam burst through the door, leveling a gun as he came—, the terrible realization that his only way of escape was to break his own arm—ruin and smash.

He and the rest of the gang had escaped—but only temporarily. The intense heat for them started next day, as he had known it would when he flew at the warehouse.

These had been the four days and

night of hell as the entire district was cordoned by scores of armed officers with bloodhounds. There had been the mounting terror as his escape routes were discovered one by one.

And then they had arrived, early in the afternoon, and he and the other principal members of the gang had been surrounded, trapped, and one by one the others had been shot down as they went away with fear.

And now he was alone, crouched in the gathering shadow, waiting for the darkness which would mask into the night of the armed spectators who would not dare come after him among the confusion of the passing cars, but who would wait and hope that panic would drive him into the open.

But he would *stand*, you, yes, he would wait in vain. For the last officer reached now that he was safe where he was—and when the darkness came he would rush the officer and break through to take his chance with the darkness in the open.

He shivered slightly as one of the two police dogs suddenly barked. His gray, battle-worn face snarled in an snarled teeth as he thought of the dog, he had no time of taking his chance with these stupid, slow-moving spectators—it would be a harder shot that would ever have once darkness on an. But he joined the dogs and faced them.

Suddenly he raised his head, and the bluish eyes were paled. For the trooper was beginning steadily to back away, rifle at the ready.

Suddenly, with a surge of horror, he knew why the man had moved now. A heavy object landed with a thud not six feet from his hidden place, and now as he slowly turned his eyes upward to see that it had

been dropped through a broken skylight, and James stamp his nostrils. He fought desperately to overcome his wild terror as the air about him took on a gray tinge and the shaking human forms filled his lungs and eyes.

Then with a spasm of terror he flung away from the rocking-seat and dashed for the door.

He had stumbled against it and forced it open a little, and he staggered into the blinding rays of the setting sun. Two sharp thuds hit the wall beside him. He stumbled with fury and frustration as, through a red mist, he saw the man closing in with those tiles and beams of wood. He gripped the teeth and prepared to die, fighting—and they released the dogs.

The huge beasts bounded across the square, teeth bared beneath red eyes. The yellow sky whirled down in front of him as beasts buried themselves behind the back of his head and crunched the top of his spine.

The heavy-booted footsteps, in the long gray dust and drove the other dogs away, and sharply stepped the tiny little terror which was still growling as it shook the object in its mouth.

"Here it comes, drop it! Good boy," said the man in the gray coat. The tall, white-haired superintendent, with the white headgear on his right forearm and fingers walked over, and together the two men looked at the limp body on the footpath.

"Broken that's the one that had a go at you," said the foreman.

"That's been alright. Biggest wood rat I ever saw. Must be two feet long. Hell talk at his teeth! No wonder he made such a mess of our arm. You Health Department folks order round up those pens more often.—they get too damned shabby."

THE SILENT PARTNER

She looked the most patient and soft-comic girl

In the world... so far ever captured screen

PAUL WARREN GRAHAM ■ FICTION

Ryan heard the door open and shut above him, but waited until he knew she was on the stairs before looking up. She was屏息 in a stippled sheath of beige which clung tightly to her body. She neither turned nor looked at him. She was smiling. She was Lisa.

At the foot of the stairs, she paused, her head tilted. She paused to display herself. But at last, she allowed her eyes to meet his for the first time.

Lisa was so absorbed in herself and in the effect of her clothes that she had almost crushed Ryan before she noticed his clothes; he was wearing a tattered suit.

"What on earth?" he began.

"Going somewhere, Lisa?" he asked. "Are you trying to be funny?" she snapped back, pale with anger. "The hell? You're not going to try and tell me you're forgotten about it."

"I know it's on, of course. I'm not



A MUSICAL-COMEDY actress no longer in her first youth found a tourist company business was not particularly good, and the temper of the company suffered accordingly. There came a knock at the "Merry" door.

"There's a lady in front who'd very much like to see you. She says she was a friend of yours when you were at school. Shall I show her in?"

From the corridor came the voice of a pretty chorus girl. "Wheel her in!"

very interested, though."

"YOU'RE not interested?" she spluttered, taking a step closer to him. "Now that's rich! And what about me—am I supposed to go on my own?" He told her, "I didn't ask you to sit, you know—me dear."

"Of course you did, you ask me to everything."

"Not that one, I purposefully didn't."

Her lips quivered uncontrollably. "This is some kind of joke you're playing. I'll be the last thing stuck at New York."

He agreed with her happily. "Of your New Yorkways."

She pulled out suddenly, "I'm sure you asked me, everyone knows you did, and why would you be here to-night if you hadn't?"

"I came to say goodbye."

All at once she seemed to gain control of herself. "You've been drinking," she accused in a disgusted voice. "You'll be sorry for the!"

Ryan said, "Goodbye, Lisa," and started for the door.

Frightened, she followed him, running, and caught him by the arm. "You might at least explain."

"All right," he conceded, removing her hand. "It's just that I've finally decided to myself what you are."

"Oh?"

"Now here's a name for your kind,

42 CAVAILAGE, June, 1931

Lisa, it's not a very nice name."

"I'm afraid I don't follow you," she said weakly and kept up with him as he started along the sidewalk.

She was gradually disengaged and at that moment, he came near to hitting her. It was a long time since Ryan had liked Lisa; he had merely wanted her. He went on. "You know what a name is, Lisa?"

"I know," she answered, a trifle stiffly, "that you're complaining about my having a few marks—because my husband's out of bounds."

Ryan shook his head in the darkness. "I get that sort of a girl usually, if I'm attracted to a woman. I make a pass at her once or twice. If she wants to meet me, that's fine; if she says, 'No,' that's her right and I respect her for it."

"Well, then, I'm just a woman who's had 'No's' up to now."

Ryan laughed bitterly. "Oh, no. You're the third kind of woman—the kind that's worse than any other. You're the woman who thinks it necessary to flaunt her sex continually—to keep her visitors keyed up and excited."

She said nothing immediately, she knew it to be true. More than anything else she was worried because a break with Ryan would be embarrassing; after all it was really necessary

going to have him to escort her around.

"Now you know," he said and whistled shrilly. A cab slowed and swerved to touch the curb. "There's no point in your coming any further, Lisa."

A pause ensued. "Her?" "Ryan, you can't go off like that."

But he was already entering the cab "Ruth's Bar," she heard him tell the driver before the door slammed, casting her from her. She stood there, alone in the warm darkness and tried to catch her thoughts. After a while she started to walk back in the direction from which she had come.

She had crept about half the distance when suddenly out came into sight Lisa made up her mind and stepped forward, on to the roadway to tell it.

"Ruth's Bar."

It was just like any of the bars in that area—a local, plain room in front or the pub bar over the dance floor.

Lisa walked through the door breathily. For once she did not worry about the effect of her entrance. Ruth was not a woman who could walk anywhere without drawing stares. Aggressiveness whistled good for her.

Her eyes roamed, searching, but she could not see him anywhere. He might have changed his mind and gone somewhere else. Lisa went to the bar.

"Excuse me, honey," asked the barman, a full-peaked man of Italian appearance.

He said, "Do you know Ryan McMath?"

"Sure, I know him," affirmed the barman in a wryly voice.

"You expecting him?"

"I guess he'll be in soon from to-night. Say—I know you, you're the dame he's been trifling around with."

"There are something to drink, will you?"

"Such as?"

"I have it to you," she told him impatiently.

The fellow reached behind him for tobacco, lighting as he raised the drink. "You know honey—this bar is sort of memorable for someone like you. If you take my advice, you'll have your drink, then go back where you've come from."

"I'm waiting for Ryan," she said with force.

He put the glass in front of her and shrugged. "All right. But don't go making any trouble in here."

She stared at him angrily. "Do I look as if I would?"

He nodded and took out a cigarette. "You soon you probably dinner before, you know it's a place where people are right to be and then you start getting cleaned up because guys think you're here for the same reasons as the other chaps."

Sometime she'd a look into the tobacco and it started to play 'Ruthless Beams.' In the mirror behind the barman's head, Lisa could see two quicker moves out on to the floor and began to dance, jerkily like marionettes.

"The like," announced the barman, watching her down the glass.

"Well, then, like," Lisa retorted, and that again for me—and I'd love a cigarette."

"It may be hours before your boyfriends shown," he said, holding the pack of cigarettes towards her, then striking a match.

"Then you'll have to keep me satisfied," she snorted in the way that had pleased so many men. "What's that fellow near the pub bar?"

She was talking about a man who had just entered. He wore a dark

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blue suit and a darker blue shirt that exaggerated the strange pallor of his face. He was strikingly handsome.

"There's Ben. He comes here to dance in the sauna. He doesn't get much other amusement out of life." "He's very attractive," mused Lina, staring on the second drink.

"To look at you," admitted Rio, then added, "What until I've invited these people along there and I'll tell you about him."

In the mirror, she saw the cigarette, fumble in a pocket, then bring out coins. He chose one, put it into the machine and selected another record. The music ended, but after only a moment's break the new disc revved on to the turntable, it was a tempo. The room rocked slightly on its heels to the rhythm.

He was back. He filled his glass again and began, "Bert's steady. He was in the Navy during the war-in destroyers. A ship he was in got

hurled that up and Bert was wounded. The wounds you could see healed up all right, but something happened to his mind and they haven't been able to do anything about that. His speech went too. He now he goes round in a half daze, hearing all right, but not understanding much of what he hears. He tries to answer but he can't; all he can manage is a sort of grunt."

"Yet he likes women."

"Yes. Likes to dance too, but he doesn't give much chance."

"Why not?" she wondered.

"The girls say a little frightened of him, I guess he's terrible, poor guy, but that's it."

Lina glanced towards the door; she had already lost interest in the dumb man and his story. She was watching for Ryan.

But another beer had gone before he came and by that time, Lina had emptied down more glasses. Ryan was not alone; he was accompanied

by a girl who was very much like the other girls in Koba's Bar.

"Don't you do anything?" pleaded Rio.

She ground a cigarette out on the bar and whispered harshly, "I'll show him."

Without another word, she moved on and crossed unsteadily towards the take bar where the strange man still stood rockin. On the way she brushed in front of Ben and his companion, but pretended not to hear her startled exclamation.

The music stopped as she reached Bert's side. There was a hurt look on his face.

Lina said in her commanding voice, "Hello Ben. Would you dance with me?"

The wonderful pale face turned to look down at her, a small twinkle in his forehead.

She said, "What's the matter Ben? You not in charge?" She held out

some nickels and smiled. "Look, Rio: see."

The eyes dropped to the coins, then returned very slowly to her face. Then the worry slipped away and a gentle took its place—a gentle, dry smile as he took one of the nickels from her. Lina looked to look at Ryan, but she forced herself not to.

Rio pushed the money into the slot and turned to choose a number. She stopped him quickly. "No, Ben — let me choose it; I want something nice and slow for this."

He stared at her hand, like a white butterfly on his great world. Then it fluttered away towards the now of red buttons. The music started.

"Well Rio," she demanded impatiently when he only stood there. But not that he didn't understand, she caught his sleeve and tugged.

The music returned to the floor. Gaily, Rio placed a hand on the swell of her back and they moved out



as to the floor. They were dancing.

After a few steps the hand on her back hardened into steel. He gave a little grunt that was almost, but not quite a word. Lure had never had a partner like this—one who did not listen to the beat so much as feel it.

She was speechless now. She did not know and did not need to know; it was as though she was gripped by a force that was completely unaware of her existence. It thrashed her, but at the same time frustrated her. Ben was the perfect partner that every woman craved: dancing with. Yet that silent strength! Still, it would serve her purpose. By the time she also had played itself out, Ryan would be so furiously jealous that she would have him back where she wanted him. A sometimes舞者 (舞者) had called her All night then, she would tease him.

She suddenly wanted to employ how perfect it was, the great dance Ben who was so wrapped in the music that he would not know what she was doing.

They dipped low, she thought her back would break. Then a simple quicker turn brought them into a position from which she could see Ryan. Perfect, he was staring at her with resentful eyes, his partner apparently forgotten. Now was the time.

Deliberately, she squirmed against Ben, then stretched so her toes to kiss his cheek. He did not seem to notice it, but she knew Ryan had. She did it again. Ben danced on, feeling the music. Again she caught a glimpse of Ryan—half out of his chair now and flushed.

Never had she enjoyed herself so much; he would be coming towards her soon to take her out of the place, and once he did that, she would have him. Once he came back she'd have

him. To-night she would be as seductive as only she could be and he'd never again have the strength to try and escape. He would pay for to-night's mistake.

Someone was walking alongside the dancefloor. But it wasn't Ryan. It was Ben. "They're not as funny," he was saying.

"Get away," barked Lure, furiously. "You don't belong."

She ended her earlier efforts, turning against Ben, brushing with her hips. Ben did! She was taking Ryan now.

Quite suddenly, the big fellow made a step. She had just kicked him full on the mouth and as she did it, it had almost seemed—

She did it again and to her horror she realized that she had not recognized it. His lips had quivered slightly in an answer. He made a step again. He was dancing—well still, but no longer wonderfully. Oh no! She had to get away from him; this strange creature had lost his strength and had become just another man.

"I have to go now," she whispered, trying to pull away, pull in closer to him. The fight became a terror.

"Ryan," she called out. But Ryan could not hear her because, disgusted with the exhibition, he had paid his bill and gone.

"Ryan," she called again in vain.

The music ended, but the dance was still not let her go.

"Ben, it's over," she informed him steadily.

The strange eyes met hers and seemed to darken and grow larger. He grunted in a different way.

Then as his hands moved, slowly, inexorably, she began to tremble.



"I can't exactly describe her. But the women say 'Hall' and the men say 'Ahh'."

"Away from it all"

by Gibson



When your nerves are on edge and the noise and bustle of the city reaches an unbearable crescendo

Go buy yourself a drawing and drafting outfit



Arise before the dawn and travel as far away from people and the city as you can . . .

Find the sublimest point . . . sit yourself up.



And you'll be surprised at the result . . .

A more amusing way of getting out as a hobby is drawing from life . . . This is quite economical. A shop I know took this up two years ago and is still using his original sketch book and pencil.



STRANGER and Stranger



MOO IN THE WINE . . .

An English news service reports that a Hereford cow, which had gone missing for 30 days, was recently struck from the Lost-and-Found Column. Despite the blood-houndish hunchings of exhausted search parties, the bantam bovine finally emerged under her own steam . . . from what must have been the appetizing that probably confined remains of a haystack. Most plausible reconstruction of the happening is that Strawberry chewed her way so far into the stack collapsed and held her fast; only when other cattle had passed further portions down the stack, did Strawberry stagger once more into the light of day. It had not been recorded whether Strawberry conformed to sheep further weeks within her hollow pantry or whether she was content merely to chew what by that time must have been her very ample cud.

A NIP OF NYLON . . .

New don't panic, you poppet! But we might as well warn you that the latest thing in the house wine is the "nylon wine bottle." The practice has been born by those knowledgeable wine-babes, the French. For years, in the French Army, the bumble "pois"—"the pale, bloody privates," to you—has rotated on a daily basis of half a litre of wine regardless of circumstances and general sleeplessness. The consequent familiarity to the Quar-

termaries' Staff could not fail to give the High Brass furiously to think. At last, however, the problem has been solved. Experts have discovered a method of condensing wine. This condensed wine is placed in nylon containers which hold about 110s. When these nylon containers are immersed in wine, they produce six litres of wine which is said to lose nothing of its flavor or its value.

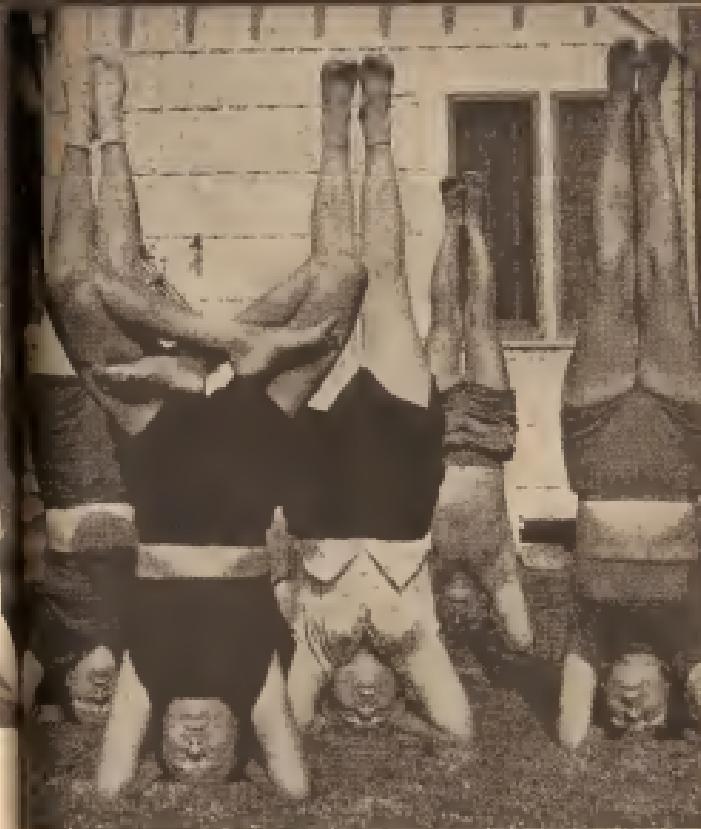
FOR SHROWN BOMBEREES . . .

It's not so long ago since, in 1936, another era in law-breaking was opened at Tinsbridge (England), when one Walter Arnold was fined for using a "handless carriage" without a person and without a man with a red flag preceding it. The luckless Mr. Arnold was the first of the multitude of racing motorists; but even the most alarms of Jinks could not, on the day of the arrest, have foreseen that fifty-six years later his successors in Britain (about) would be paying more than \$200,000,000 a year in taxation and another \$200,000 in fines.

PAGING LOVERS' LANE . . .

A US firm claims that it has produced the brightest light the world has yet seen. It generates about 3,000 million candle power. It will—as the inventors claim—be perfect for lighthouses, for illuminating sports arenas and for all kinds of outdoor work at night . . .





RED HOT HEALTH

"Asia" is the newest Hollywood come. It is the way to health, happiness and self ego, via yoga exercises taught by Indra Devi, who taught this highway to red hot health in India and Shanghai for 10 years before going to Hollywood. Seven years ago . . .

22 CANNONADE, June, 1952

If you have taken *Asia* seriously enough you might hold this pose for half an hour. 30 minutes indicates a fair performer and 45 minutes is the new master's safe minimum. Miss Devi will walk through the ranks and help beginners get the right pose so that it will be easy to hold . . .



The "Vish pose" (left) tones abdomen, strengthens back and nerves, and may be held for up to three minutes. Miss Davis gives learned expert advice on the "Rocking chair" exercise called "the low." Hands grasp ankles and squeeze neck back and forth on their stomachs; excellent for reducing



EYE-WASH . . .

Can your eyes be taken out and scraped? And there's absolutely no need to send away money on the subject of such inventions of dramatic questions? As a matter of fact, the belief—fantastic though it seems—is widely believed. Medical experts present an opposing list of patients who are ready to take any ointment that has actually happened to them. We do not wish to be speculators, but we must report that these self-chosen medical products are just plain lies. Of course, it is not possible to scrape eyes, and there is no reason for wanting to do it if it were possible. Explanation of the legend? In minor eye operations the surgeon may touch the cheek; and this cold impact has probably started the "old wives' tale."

ARM AND TONI . . .

According to a New York news magazine, a newly-invented electrical arm is the newest thing yet to a medical man. The arm, powered by a tiny motor and controlled by the toes, permits amputees—even those without any excepts—to answer telephone, write, unlock doors, light cigarettes, etc., without any awkwardness. Two tiny pressure bladders placed under the amputee's toes "act as the steering wheel." By setting toe levers on the bladders, the

user has six simple signals of simple and continuous motions. The mechanical power is directed by the toe signals to the desired part of the arm in hand. There is no interference with normal working. The arm requires no muscular training or special skill.

ANTI-ATOM . . .

Glasses that protect the eyes against X-ray and atomic radiation of atom reactors, reactors and even atom bombs, have been developed through research directed by Dr. Alexander Silverstein, head of Pittsburgh (U.S.) University's department of atomic energy. The world's first neutron-absorbing glass contains uranium two-thirteens with beryllium. Glasses of this glass are expected to guard against cataracts caused by accidental exposure to gamma beams which have affected several patients in past years. People generally might wear such glasses if an atomic bomb attack is expected.

WALKING BLOOD BANKS . . .

Citizens of Chicago (U.S.) are to have their blood-type tattooed below their left armpit. The plan—which calls for voluntary tattooing—is designed for protection to the people in the event of enemy bombing. The identifying mark will be about three-eighths of an inch long. The process of tattooing will be virtually painless.

FANTASTIC Footprints on Time's Sand

JOHN ADAM



What big feet left those 18-inch givernage high up in the Himalaya?

PHOTOGRAPHS of footprints of "Gigantus" at high altitudes brought back recently by British leader of a Himalayan expedition, Sir Skipper, started something of a boom in the scientific domain.

British Museum authorities claimed uniformly that they were those of a Langur monkey, whose feet measure up to 22 inches.

Himalayan savants, however, insisted on calling the creatures the "Abominable Snowmen." They believe it means instant death to look

at one. They say the female is larger than the male and does the walking; the female cuts the male if he is unwilling—and sometimes eats him raw.

Meanwhile, Skipper himself is unconvincing. He says, "I believe we are on the verge of a great discovery because the footprints were too high up for them to be those of monkeys."

Which leaves the question open for considerable scientific mystery. But, consider.

Something very similar happened in

the Sixteenth Century and it still blemishes a bit of bone-shoving among anthropologists. When the Spanish expedition led by Magellan in 1520 landed in the southern portion of South America, they found enormous footprints in the sand.

One of the party exulted in Spanish "Qui patagonus" (the big-footed people), and thus it came about that the region was called "Patagonia"—a name which has persisted to the present day; sometimes it is called the "Land of the Giants"—which brings up the question of the nature of the Indians.

Magellan's chronicler-in-chief, Pantoja, describes the first Indian seen: "He was so tall that we reached only to his waist, and he was well proportioned. . . . As the man danced up and down his feet struck a palm into the ground. . . .

A barrel was being built.

The next story about the "giant" comes from Dutch explorer, William Carelton Shouten, who landed in Patagonia in 1612. Shouten writes: "Upon the highest part of the hill, we found some burying places which were houses of stones; we pulled the stones off from one of them and found men's bones of 10 and 11 feet long . . .

Then Charles Darwin, in the interests of Evolution, visited Patagonia about a hundred years ago.

In his book about the voyage of H.M.S. Beagle, he describes the natives as the tallest he had met, averaging about six feet.

And anthropologists haven't yet made their minds up as to whether or not giants ever existed in Patagonia, but it is believed that a race of exceedingly tall people really lived there.

But are the savants deluding themselves?

Since the well-dressed Indians of the Sixteenth Century dressed their wear consisting of masses of garters or red tabs—an as their modern counterparts—perhaps the mystery of the curious footprints could be explained on this whited halo!

Today it is difficult to tell. A study of the Indians reveals many bizarre customs—but no Number 11 feet.

The Indians of Patagonia, like those of other South American countries, had migrated southward from North American stock, which originally had come from Asia by way of the Bering strait. The main tribes are the Tehuelches (tall men), Alacaluf (very men), Pehuenches (short men), Puelches (short men), and the Pehuenches (tiny men).

The Tehuelches are the tallest among the tribes, and their streams are still to be found in the regions adjoining the Andes.

Until early in the nineteen, the Indians were the sole masters of their wild country in the far south, for white men had only settled in a few places along the coast where ships occasionally called.

In appearance the Indians are well proportioned, have thick masses hair, reddish brown complexion, but lack the breadth of nose, characteristic of more primitive races.

Marriage is probably an easier arrangement in Patagonia than elsewhere outside Brazil. There is no tribal competition—the boy found mostly takes his quota of presents to his "bride" and when he accepts presents in return, the deal is clinched.

Although there is no limit placed on the number of wives, the average resident Indian feels that two are about as many as he can handle—which is still saying something.

Immorality is not a great problem among the Indians, though contact with the white man's more lewd habits has created one.

Polite life is also characterized by courteous approaching and-Forcious standards, mixed herding, for example is still forbidden.

Both sexes have the cosmetic habits the persistent winds of the area make some form of tan tan and face lotion imperative. In preference, red is the best preferred, black is the choice for war paint; with a touch of white under the eyes. Here again, the men take it easy as the women have to do the fixing.

Earlier writers, including Darwin, claimed that a unique form of cannibalism was practised by the natives in Tierra del Fuego. According to reports, the Indians held an annual feast which amounted to a kind of cannibalism of the old people.

The participants assembled under a small thatch, were selected for the occasion. Having herded the old people on to some of the branches, the men below shook the tree violently until some of the old men and women fell to the ground like over-ripe apples. Immediately the Indians pounced on them and the victims were killed and roasted for eating.

The remaining old people who were strong enough—or lucky enough—hung on, were allowed to come down and join in the feast. A year later when the day arrived again, they were once more hoisted up and the same performance repeated.

In spite of evidence published by Darwin regarding this unique feast—which incidentally fitted in with his own theory about the survival of the fittest—later investigations claim that cannibalism has never been practised.

Others reasonably hint that "where

there's smoke there's fire."

Apart from the allegations of occasionally eating human flesh, horse flesh is the principal item on the Indian menu; tuberous roots and wild vegetables are also utilized. They are not platters—like modern American efficiency experts, when necessary they prefer to work rather than eat. Both men and women prefer pipe smoking; sometimes children of three or four set a while. Mixtures of tobacco and native herbs are favoured and continual chewing with certain feathers a part of the ritual.

Stone flaking, card playing and gambling are the chief amusements. One is of the homo-erotic variety, but nowadays modern cards have replaced the tribal type. The Indians are not fighters and when games run high, they bet horses, maddles and other prized personal possessions.

The office of witch doctor is not hereditary—but is decidedly hazardous. He is expected to combine the functions of a fortune teller, wizard and medicine man, failure to predict correctly means death.

Death of an Indian has far-reaching consequences. All his dogs and other animals are killed, ornaments and hunting weapons are placed in a barrel and burned. The meat of the dead human is distributed among relatives.

The body is now up is a marsh in a sitting position and burned facing the east; a straw of reeds is then erected over the site and the death is never again mentioned.

Unlike most natives no religious festivals are observed. The new moon has a significance for fertility rites, but there is no sun worship and no idols.

And nobody seems to be worshipped as The Chief Big-Foot.

Still, there may be another explanation. If the ancient explorers did hap-

pen "giant," there is nothing to say that these monsters were not cannibalistic.

Some of the early pioneers of Patagonia brought about their kind of primitive cannibalism and pack-and-hunting traps when they used to chase the Indian micos in strawberries and pack them off like ducks.

Typical of the cruelty of the early days was that of a master whose sheep were occasionally supplementing the horse flesh diet of the Indians.

Finally a party was arrested and to celebrate the master invited the whole tribe to a "feast" to celebrate. A barrel of wine was tapped to begin the feast and everybody made merry—but not for long.

The master had put strychnine into the wine. A whole tribe was wiped out, not even the horses escaping the "poison."

It was most efficient, comparatively painless . . . if you weren't the human.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

by CLUYAS WILLIAMS



IT WASN'T UNTIL I TRIED PERUVIAN, THE LAST TO LEAVE THE PARTY, DISCOVERED SEVERAL EXPENSIVE OBJECTS HADN'T BEEN TAKEN AND A COMPANION, WHO HADN'T THE KEY TO THE CAR, RAN OUT TO RE, "BOY HE REALIZED THAT HE HAD SOMEONE ELSE'S COAT AND SOMEONE ELSE HAD GONE OUT WITH HIS

A conference of the Press stations
crankshots, reporters, regulars, gossips
... and wily edgers like Clancy.

CEDRIC R. MONTIPLAT



such interesting people!

IT'S a standard conversational gambit—always has been, ever since the first daily editor hit the streets. That's at about any sort of a social gathering, see? The hostess there can even be a pop-eyed, twinkling little life-of-the-party and produce your dog-trot. The last lights up all over with gushing glee, and—You set yourself! Walk in! Here's a name:

"Oh, so you're a journalist? I'd just like to be a journalist. Mr.

Millionnaire? You must meet such interesting people!"

Maybe she wonders why you turn away, whispering to yourself and chewing the remains of your cocktail glass. Maybe she doesn't, for she is schooled in the belief, as they all are, that all journalists are threaten' rascals, slightly off-color, and in general just general characters. She has seen all the pictures of Hollywood's crime-busting, hot-wearing, edge-seting, sensational paladins

since "The Front Page," and your Press pass is plenty convincing.

So we meet people. Interesting? Well, I've been in the game twenty years, and I still don't know.

The people you read about in the papers are interesting because they're bad "the treatment." That's our job. No, there's no definition involved merely a careful acting, a dropping of the boom. Even the dullest person may sparkle occasionally—and make news when he does.

People tend to fall into sharply defined and recognizable classes as soon as we declare ourselves. There's the snob, who may believe he's anybody from the original Republic to the member of the latest student-led corps. There's the peddler of hot news the round at a price that would purchase three Macbeths and two Shakes. There's the man, who can't be quoted, and the "entirely public figure" (you've never heard of the guy) who must be quoted in full. And there's the dry soul who loves publicity—and who gives the Old Men Beer when he finally allows himself to be conversed.

Greasy types, eh? But they all seem in the near shrill key, blabber, when they read the next day's paper. Manshould! Twentysix! Victoria! Sure they had it, just as we took it down—but they were just talking words, and here it is in small type, depressingly permanent. The Boss won't like it at all. Cover the Press!

Under these circumstances an amiable and a gassy sound about the name, if you ignore the monosyllable. The size doesn't matter. Before very long the chronic querist becomes well known to every journalist—but his own job, and we've got to stay with them. One of the worst I have ever known, and surely the most press-conscious of all the

late Majority's representatives, was a Governor-General, although not of Australia.

That fellow really had the game down up. His honeyed pleasantries rolled off his pink like a never-ending tide, because he ordered it that way. He was one of the "all or nothing" class, with the implied threat that if "actions" were the words the paper concerned would ride out on the next important official pronouncement. An amateur flavor and show-off, he insisted that every treat containing his name or initials should be dedicated to him personally before publication!

Clancy? Well, maybe not—but I have known editors of city dailies to act showing their pride in an afternoons while the Great Men played some of the normal street Berkeley hours.

Sometimes his reaction was so perverse that heads rolled on the reporting staff. Journalists used to break out in a cold sweat when they saw their names penciled in against the dreaded assignment.

Once a senior man, a tough member of the board, covered a suburban flower-show at which the Governor-General appeared and delivered an apparently off-the-cuff speech. The reporter gave the show the run he thought it deserved. That night, in response to an urgent summons, a press was sent to Government House. Back it came in quick time, heavily penciled. On the margin were the words "I think the press men would be better employed in another species of occupation." The Vice-Royal signature followed.

Funny? Well, as it happened, it was. The reporter concerned was about the best man on the staff, as he didn't suffer—but it could have ruined the reputation of a younger man.

Still, there are exceptions.

I met quite a few of the world's great men, and only one of them seemed to measure up to his reputation. He was, by the way, Winston Churchill. The others—well, somehow or other they seemed to be playing a part, or, rather, to be over-playing it, as have actors do. I think there should be a sort of Oscar-arrangement awarded annually to the "honest" movie who gives the worst impersonation of himself.

From world figures to crooketeers is a change of pace, but they have much in common, though the crooketeers are slightly more predictable.

One of them landed me up one day for a couple of hours with a running bill, weapon made of name blades embedded in cork.

I was sitting in the large, empty reporters' room of my paper, an evening desk, when he came in. The other blokes had shot through to the corner pub, so it was like on a hot summer afternoon. I was concentrating on some Saturday supplement copy when I became aware of an odd smell. It seemed compounded of old clothes, unclean bodies, and embalming fluid. I looked up—and there was Clancy.

He started with a stirring account of my qualities as a writer and photojournalist, and his role as a mentor. He sat. A slightly longer spell, ending with some half-heated abuse, and he appealed for a favor. My resistance hardened. In any case, the man was patting all over like a Cossack mazurka-dancer, though he wasn't nearly as photogenic. Another poor shandy and he'd have been clunked up the wall. Anyway, I didn't have a favor.

Clancy lowered his right arm. One little quid, then, for an honest old bated-down ferter. The bob I went on with my work. When I looked up again he was practically

paring my hair with his closed fist. He was tall and thin, but in no shape for a fight, and I told him so. I also suggested he get to hell out of the office before I cracked his ear.

He faltered a bit. His eyes looked queer, the whites bloodshot and the pupils milky. I had another good look at his fist. It was opened just sufficiently to display the edges of half a dozen blades. I knew about those. In an alley downtown a couple of nights previously a man had bled to death after an encounter with just such a weapon. My threat felt suddenly dry and very vulnerable.

He started to talk again, quite needily, going back over his early days and struggles, one or two love affairs, a session at the Old Bailey. It was wonderful used material, you understand, but I wasn't listening very hard. I had one eye on the door, my left hand under me for a quick dive.

But Clancy's eyes never wandered. They were fixed on a mark between my ear and collar. Whatever I did, Clancy would get me one good swipe first—and one would be enough, I did nothing. By and by I started to talk back a little to sit questions. At the same I got my hand in my pocket to check my financial position. It wasn't so bad. The best I could do was a frown. I pulled it out, tossed it on the table. Clancy's eyes didn't even flinch.

In the end he talked himself out. The eyes were gone out of his eyes and was replaced by a crosswise blank look. He jerked slowly forward, told me I was his greatest friend, patted me on the shoulder in a fatherly manner, and walked out. The fawn still lay on the right. I looked at the clock. Three minutes to noon—that meant two hours of it. It also meant—I grabbed the coin and opened for the door. I was thirty, too. But I went the back way.





OUTDOOR OUTLOOK

The trend to outdoor living has been responsible for house plans which feature large areas of glass—sunshower windows, but more frequently doors—overlooking a room paved terrace. For the terrace to be really useful some measure of protection from penetrating winds is desirable, as is also partial shade and weather protection. Thus the L-shaped plan has developed, in contact with the use of very wide eaves—and sometimes a porch on either side of least portion of the terrace.

Here is a two-bedroom house plan which incorporates many of today's most desirable features. Plate glass sliding doors, with large windows each side, provide access to the terrace. The backdoor wing gives the necessary protection from wind and with eaves provides shade and shelter to the terrace.

as well as to the main entrance door.

The living room is used for meals and has a direct connection to the modern kitchen. Each bedroom has its own built-in cupboard. There is also a recessed fire cupboard and a storage well at one end of the living room.

The bathroom—between the two bed rooms—is fitted up in the modern manner and features a separate shower recess.

A two-bay exterior treatment is presented in the accompanying sketch, but the plan is such that many different treatments, ranging from extensive modern to period, are possible with very little modification to the planned features of the layout.

The minimum width of land required to accommodate this house is 30 feet and the overall area 1100 square feet.



At midnight in Orma Ben they gathered for a young warrior's weird sword dance . . . Bill Akong, the spirit-patron of murder, liked to be approached with a hand.

LESTER WAY



murder dance in Borneo

ORMA BEN was an improbable place on which to find a Hollywood murderer. In fact, Orma Ben was an improbable place.

And the murderers who were there, no less of rascals than policemen, and experts—just the murderer, a guy named Chas Miller. His ransom was set up in the power of a large crew where Dyaks were celebrating; he had a bodyguard of three armed Malays, and that was all. It was midnight, the celebration was reaching a climax, a young woman in an ecstasy was doing a dance, twisting wildly with her hands, prancing in reverberating strokes, causing leaves the corners with each turn.

The weird song variably as a shadow past the face and pianized off at with a thin peacock. He danced away, and the entire village waited for the next drum round. They all knew what was going to happen Miller knew also.

This was a weird festival; the woman was in a trance, he was the baboon puppet of Bill Akong, the great spirit-patron of murder. If the warrior clashed off a hand in his wild dance, he would be Marauder. And he was going to, everyone could see that, but no one would afford the saintly spirit by stopping him.

That connection had himself kicked off the run of luck that was being celebrated. The Dyaks knew that

they didn't have a thing against him, and yet they were acting breathlessly, waiting for him to be murdered, just because it was part of the each-eyed group in that improbable place.

It was a mean, unimportant village in Upper Borneo. Jungle crowded in, almost overwhelming the village, but the pillars and doors of the houses were magnificently carved, and the "treas" art extenuated on a disc of solid gold.

He sat on pure gold all day, then slept in sacred groves on the kitchen floor—strapping around his wife, a pig, and two mangy dogs.

The celebrations that brought a weird whistling under Chas Miller's skin were just part of the same crazy pattern.

He had come looking for pictures, either moving or still. He had forced the village starving, sick in despair, helpless gloom. Yet, in the clearing beyond, was a rich crop of rice bearing to be harvested. There was enough rice to feed the village for a year.

They wouldn't harvest it because the spirals, curves, and rapid rates that governed these hill-billy head-hunters were against them.

A certain kind of bird had to fly over the village. It had to wheel to the left and fly away, and until that happened, no Dyak would eat a single stalk of rice.

Starving men are not notoriously hospitable, and Orma Ben did not welcome Chas Miller. Most of them had never seen a white man, and only the rich had seen a camera. As for the glamour of Hollywood, not even a connection could bring glamour through the sun-dappled and over these parks. So Tuan Idr, the rajah, received Miller with a shotgun just as he came.

Miller temporized and got grants as presents. Tuan Idr began making various purchases with his shot-guns, so Miller, speaking in English, offered one of his Malays to set a small stick of dynamite from his pack. While the Malay was on the ground, Miller began to boast of his own powerful magic; he offered to give a demonstration, using Tuan Idr's shotgun.

Miller set the dynamite, packed it in hold of the shot-guns, and slipped the dynamite down to hand. He made sure there was a live shell in the bunch, and then, with a lot of hyster-poom, he propped the gun against a post, put a string to its trigger, yanked everybody away, and pulled the string.

It was the largest noise any of these Dyaks had ever heard. It knocked them on their backs, blew the windows off the rajah's house and caused birds in the nearby jungle into excited flight—including the bird of good omen. Every bird wheeled in every possible direction, as the scared bird wouldn't help giving the right signal.

Harvesting the over-ripe crop at once started within ten minutes with the mouth of these things.

Miller was there to set a film of a head-hunt. This was the right time to get it. The savages were with them the Dyaks felt ready for anything and they needed fresh heads. Only heads rarely taken would bring the all-powerful spirit of Bill Akong to dwell among them, and only Bill Akong could keep over the evil.

That is why the Dyaks have heads. The chief may have a fine array of grizzled shields; each warrior may possess one or more himself; but the life-giving white gods set out of them as they grow sick . . . and the village languishes. Fresh heads are needed to bring the power of Bill Akong back into the kompost.

YET another explanation of the Biblical "canna" has recently been advanced by the U.S. National Museum. Throughout the region traversed by the Danubians grows a species of lichen. In scores it is blown loose from rocks in the mountains and deposited in the valleys. Several tribes in the Middle East highly prize its sweet, succulent taste. Some use it for bread-making; others eat it with meat for flavoring. A recent fall in Turkey saved a tribe from starvation.

The Canaanites warred to and fro from the next village for centuries, then...

The myth invited Miller to go along, and Miller says he refused. Maybe he did. On the other hand, when he told the story, he gave a circumstantial account of every detail, of directions and reactions. It sounded very like the account of a first-hand observer.

There were twenty-five warlords, enough to make a powerful surprise attack. They crept around the other village till they came to a banana grove. Then they lay there waiting for an unsuspecting victim.

They waited two days. As no one came, they suddenly decided that the grove was infested by malignant spirits. They fled in a panic and it took another two days to find enough good coconuts to start back.

This time, they actually did encounter three men in a little cleared space. The men were squatting over a fire roasting a wild pig. Twenty-five head-hungry warlords were

within a few yards of them before they realized it. But they sprang up and drew their swords.

Miller is certain that Toman Ben's men would have run away screaming if the three hadn't run first. One of those three dived into the jungle and got away. The others tried to, but to little. Toman Ben's men charged.

One man did get away, but the party from Omen Ben took three heads just the same. They overrode over the victims in a tangled mass and went down. When the mass automated, it had three heads, but it was a party of only twenty-five.

Apparently that didn't matter; Bob Aking didn't long live afterwards. A hand was a hand, and the warlords smoked and caressed all three with equal care. They carried back the hand of their own brother with as much respect as the other two.

Cannery followed cannery, and Miller got his pictures. Every occurrence, however, was a means of drinking in the spirit of Bob Aking, the round-spirited of the Banana-jungle, and there was no festive atmosphere about it. The celebrations lasted eight days; and on the eighth it approached hysteria. The thought of cannibal, of the sudden snaring of a hand, became a hysterical obsession.

And something else. During those eight days there was a tally against time. That tally was having its effect.

The tick was created to a primitive warthog by the preceding hysteria. The tiny knowledge that they were also mimicked their positions. The blood-hunting hen is kill who brought to exploded point by neighboring ghillie-hunger, and one has fed the other.

It was the eighth, and final, night of celebration. A young warrior danced, writhing his sword, clutching it in the direction of Chas Miller's

cock, circling, coming ever nearer till the eyes were almost closed, his movements were dance-like.

As the warrior danced away in his writhing circle, Miller was in a corner beside his cousin. He had it focused on a chalk-mark he had made on the door to tell him when to use his flesh-powder to get a perfect "soft." At the next swirl, the dancing warrior would take his hand, but Miller watched the man's foot. He saw them fall on the chalk-mark. He saw the trigger shot and off the flesh.

He blundered the prancing warrior so that he tripped over the log, went down in a tangle of photographic equipment, and lost his sword. The Dyaks were too saved over to run; they just sat still and howled in terror.

Another silence settled on the crowd, and came with the sense of expectation. Behind the expectation were eight days of preparation, eight nights of repression, of unrelieved outburst. It had to find an outlet. Miller was still there, still in his corner.

He glanced at his watch; it was past midnight. He went to Toman Ben, and whispered in his ear.

The stress left the right foot entirely. His eyes gleamed with a new light as he looked shivering like He goes for a signal.

Miller was forgotten. He was so completely forgotten that he had to witness the scene. Marching-cried and woman-starred bodies collapsed in a huddled mass.

That was something Miller didn't photograph.





* Art-of-Conservation Section: Group in the ability to say nothing in a way that leaves nothing unsaid. * Which reminds us that air is still free, but nowadays it costs an awful lot more to stay around and breathe it. * Domestic Department: A really truthful woman is one who doesn't lie about her sex, her children and her husband's income. * Which, no doubt, probably explains why the best method to keep a woman away from a man is to marry him. * Moments for Moppets: We know a blonde who is a telephone operator in a Chinese restaurant and keeps getting Wong numbers. * And then our Office Adolescent is waiting wistfully that she didn't know he was a Red Wolf and they first held hands at the movies . . . she had to hold both him. * On the other hand, Our Sports Report reveals that he once umpired a women's cricket match and enjoyed every moment of it . . . all the players appeared to have a Ford, departing of the Open Road and the King's Highway and all that, our Officer Moon-hair Miner confesses bluntly that his Best Girl won't speak to him since he took her riding on the policeman . . . he thinks she must be very short-sighted. * Crime Corner: Our Texas Whoopee reporter reckons that his sub-conscious has got so that his idea of a really nice piece of shabbiness is to suddenly see a six-months-old babe, being wheeled by its mother in a rickety-car, suddenly grab a set from its nipple and legitimate the natural propensity. * On the theory, presumably, that a drunk is a person who can promptly solve the gastronomic when she when. * Golden Thought For The Month: No one is entirely useless, even the worst of us can serve as Horrible Examples. * Which reminds us of a lass who thinks high heels were invented by a short girl who got tired of being kicked on the forehead. * Topic for Topics: The easiest way to lose your health is to keep distance other people's. Our old friend "Anos" is responsible for the observation that a hobby is something you go steadily over to keep from going nuts over things in general.

THEATRICAL HIGH-LIGHTED: There's a theatrical agent in town who's liable to be assassinated at any moment; recently, he informed a hopeful character that only two things stood between her and her future as a Great Dancer . . . They were her legs.



By Paul Belben and Stanley Crampton

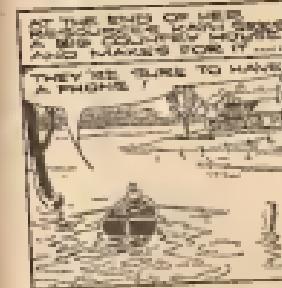
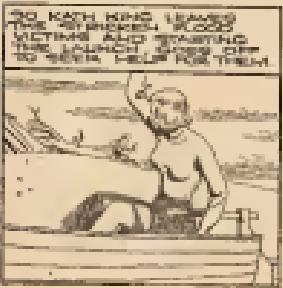
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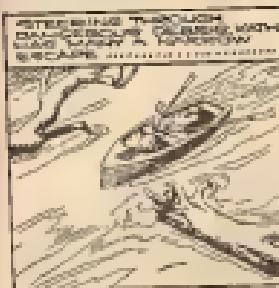


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the Drum of Sirinan

THE EURASIAN BEAUTY WAS SLIM, TAWNY, LANSIUD
BUT AS DESTRUCTIVE AS A WILD HURRICANE

MIMA GRAY • FICTION

I was staying in the Dutch Hotel at Tengjung Buloh when Koester came in. I hadn't been in the part since the end of the war and it was used to me the warth-like Dutch doctor's familiar face. In the old days he and Vanschuur had been the twin kings of the island of Pendjung. Koester began to know all the native dialects and half a dozen European languages and could be very useful to a strange army. Vanschuur because this was his island. His great grandfather had brought off Chinese slaves to work on it, and all the Vanschuur slaves had been born in the great shadowy colonial palace he had built for his lords at the foot of the island's highest mountain.

Pendjung has a smaller beauty that can pull a man back from the edge of the earth, but it is a beauty veiled in a curse. The curse of the Drum of Sirinan. For three days since my ship had come in, the pulsing masses

of the drum had haunted the acculturated little port. That was partly why I was pleased to see Jan Koester. He couldn't stay me company at the drum beats, but we could talk a bit and forget them.

We sat down hurriedly and we talked for an hour. He seemed glad, as if the noisy horror was forgotten over him also, though he was no stranger to Sirinan. I'd heard the legendary Drum only once before myself. During the war years it had throbbed for three days and one of the last tenacious "changes," a rare lad, had failed to appear to serve himself. They buried his body in the Langenberg's garden, with no mark of resistance on it . . . only a red leaf of the cecropia tree.

Koester had compressed the body and strapped it ungently. "It's used to the action of Sirinan . . . that look."

I persuaded him to tell me the legend of the drum of Sirinan or

"The Drum That Is Louder Than Silence" as the natives call it.

"You think," he said, "there is nothing in silence . . . but here in Pandjung we are familiar with the hidden horrors of silence. Because when there is silence and empty sunlight and no living form breaking a tag, then there is something terrible waiting at the root of sound. Sometimes it comes from tree to tree, sometimes it stands rattling yellow and black snakes in the shadow of crimson leaves . . . and sometimes it comes as two feet . . . but more terrible even than silence in the jungle is the voice of Strangler drums."

It appears that when the gods walked the earth in the beginning of time, they were allotted human forms so that they might appear amongst men without comment. But on the day that these bodies were given to them, Strangler who is the guardian of violence and all things such as volcanoes, avalanches and hurricanes —was away in Pandjung attending to a local volcano . . . so that he was uninvited and did not receive a human body. In great anger then, Strangler has seized the body of a man every few years or so for a thousand years, and he will continue to do so until there are no native men on the island of Pandjung.

I was thinking of the marvellous legend and its mysterious brotherhood of followers when Rester dropped his hand suddenly in his long wavy hair.

The action shocked me. I said, embarrassed, "Where's Verwoegh these days? I'd never particularly liked the stiff-necked sergeant lord of the island, although I'd spent several weekends at the house where poor Verwoegh had managed to carry off the treasures of the east, carved book tables, pearl-shading lamps, tank caravans . . . It was surreal, that pol-

ace of the Verwoeghs, and the man himself had had more than the usual share of family pride.

Rester gulped down his tea and continued to come to some decision. "He married after the war, you know?" he said.

I started, "What?" With a nervous gesture of what kind of past and wife with Verwoegh would choose for the mother of future lords of Pandjung. After all he could afford to be selective, he was reported to be a millionaire in pre-war days. "What is she like?"

Rester still had his pink eyes on me with their odd, dreamlike expression. "Does she ever use a hurricane? That invisible scourge that so rapidly destroys everything it touches . . . there are women like that . . . I think they cannot help themselves . . ." he paused and let his hand fall in his hands again in the way that had disturbed me.

Again as the drum pulsed with steady rotundity. It filled the room, drowning out the sound of rattling palm fronds . . . it filled my head until the hot damp air pulsed with it. It was impossible that a drum beaten in the swamp could have this shadowy power. Yet how far away was it . . . nobody knew . . . it was like a nightmare. The veins stood out on Rester's waxy forehead.

"Verwoegh married a woman of our islands . . . a Bornean," he said hoarsely. Then he let his great mouth relax into some kind of silent snarl. "You know our proverb here. To a man as long, even the mouth of a crocodile holds a fine view. It was so with Verwoegh. Golion belongs to Rester. She is probably the most beautiful thing that nearly little island has ever produced." His eyes flickered as he said it.

"She is twenty years younger than

On the average . . .

one family

in three

relies on

the A.M.P.

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"Dear Friend in Uncertain Times."

Venagh." He told me the story of Venagh's incredible meetings while the drum pulsed in that green gloom.

"Guan was already known to us when Venagh brought her to live here. There had been several unfortunate deaths in her village. Unfortunately, she was not only beautiful, she had something else . . . a dangerous force that allows nothing to escape. Like a harness straining everything into an destructive path . . ." He stared into the shadows again, mutinously that he had slipped from the past into the present tense.

"At that she seemed contented with all her new treasures. You know Venagh's house up there. It fitted her admirably . . . then she began to grow bored with her white husband who was, after all no longer a boy. He had lost the fire of his native lands. Venagh did not feel the impatience in her body, as one can't see the troubled water in a vessel. It can pass all day admiring its tender curves."

I did not question how Kater knew so much of the Venagh's private life. He is the only white man on Padijang whom the local pirogues fit to associate with . . . and he had always been a constant guest at the great house.

I tried to bring a lighter note into the deepening gloom. "It sounds the usual story of 'After the honeymoon,'" I sneered.

"In Australia . . . it would have been ordinary . . . but here on Padijang . . . no."

"But it ended up all right," I sneered.

He nodded at me again with that peculiar mad-smiling smile.

He went on. "You know how Venagh always intended to return to Holland and leave a manager here. It was unfortunate that he had no

younger brother to follow him in the usual way. He decided to educate a suitable man. He chose the half-native son of old Kloss . . . a clever pleasant boy with a university education. It must have required a perfect choice. I suppose though it was inevitable that some kind of unanswerable interest should arise between the boy and . . . Guan."

It struck me suddenly that he had never once called her Young Venagh . . . only Guan."

Kater went on, "I tried to warn the boy . . . I tried to explain about this woman from Boso. That she had no thoughts of him other than the envy his strength and youth could bring her. But it had already gone too far; he couldn't leave. Next time I passed through I knew the situation was worse. She was already tired of young Kloss and was extracting a good deal of entertainment out of torturing him in front of Venagh. It was a hard time of the year and, in addition, the Drums had started to beat. You know what a horror that can be to a white man alone . . . with the prickly situation in Venagh's house it was hell."

I broke in, "Why don't white men get together and sleep the thing out?"

He smiled briefly. "How do you go about stamping out something you can't touch? . . . you know how closely kept the secrets of the Brotherhood of Sannan are."

It was true. The brown men of Padijang are a strange, secret people whom few outsider ever see the inside with the exception of the shaman's cult . . . and no planter dare enter their too much. Nobody was reported ever to have touched the Drums back to its source . . . or than who had reported had not returned."

Kater went on, "Well . . . I realized

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body broke away and he fell to the ground.

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what Genna did get . . . that Ventrough knew of her affair with young Kloss. I know too how dangerous it was. Ventrough owned Genna. She was not only his wife, she was part of his mind and therefore his sole possession . . . he would never tolerate any infidelity with his wife. I didn't like the situation, but I couldn't see what Ventrough intended to do . . . he never uttered his desire contrary to Kloss. One night when he had finished dinner he said suddenly, "The drama tired of that silly superstition about Strauss. I won't let any of the boys to work on the side of the conservatory. I'm going up that mountain to see what I can find out to-morrow."

"The boy Kloss raised used to say, 'You dare not, Mysheer Ventrough . . .'

"Ventrough snapped back, 'The not a maniacal native! The boy flushed. No man has ever done it!'

Kenna made rings on the table top with her glass. "I looked up at Genna. Surely no woman would allow Ventrough . . . but she was looking at the boy, his long green eyes intense . . . magnetized to his face. She and that, of course, Ventrough could not go along. He must take young Kloss. Then she got up from the table and went out smiling.

"I used to stop both of them passing. I could see Kloss was scared, after all, he was part native and the story of Kenna was part of his superstitious inheritance, but he would not give way to his fear in front of Ventrough . . . it was the same there also. So they both went."

The Drums seemed to click and flared on the hot sand on air. After a long minute I said, "What happened?"

"Three days afterwards Ventrough returned. We could get very little sense out of him as to the where-



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In my last issue I had so difficulty in reading text and figures, although my eyes were completely fit for Air Force.

Dear President Josephine,
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abouts of young Klaas; but eventually out of his dilemma and with the help of Pengelius, who had ventured to go past the way with them. I got a sufficient idea of their motives to go and look for Klaas."

I looked at the doctor with a new respect. "You want . . . yourself?" He spread his hands on the table and studied them, shivering. "This also is my island . . . I was born here . . . and here I shall die."

Farther up the riverbank than any man has ever gone, he found the stone temple that Verwoerd had hobbled about. It was hollowed into the side of the cliff like an enormous eye; the limestone pillars were worked with worn tracery symbolic of the elements over which the god Shiva rules. Inside was a vast dry hollowed from a mighty tree limb. No one man could have built a den, Klaas said; but several men could. There was a kind of awe that lifted a falling club and beat it. He also found the body of Klaas with the usual look of horror impressed on it.

"In the temple?" I asked.

He had found the body in a small chamber huddled directly above the den. At first he thought that Klaas had died of hunger, but in the corners were still his water bottle and a patch containing food and Verwoerd had carried with them.

"Who killed him then?" I asked still with horror, remembering the amazed expression on that other boy's face when we found his body. That same face, they had been no match of violence . . . no evidence of poison . . . he too had been struck down by an invisible weapon.

"Be often," said Klaas, "we do not believe in a legend when all the time is bold truth like a cup . . . the Drum killed him as it killed all the others."

I shuddered. "You're not trying to tell me that the evil spirit of that damned Drum claimed his body."

"To a way . . . yes," he said. "It seemed to my stricken ears that the Drum police leaders and leaders in the room until the walls would burst apart. At last Klaas lifted his long white hands.

"Thank a little. A stone sealed the entrance to that cave above the Drum. For three days the boy beat nothing but an enormous vase, for Klaas has been deaf for a thousand years (so the legend says) and that is why he can make such a great noise with his violence and belligerence . . . and many of his close kinspeople also are deaf; they could not realize beatings that Drum otherwise."

He stopped, and looked again drowsily into the darkness before me. "But Klaas was not deaf . . . the vibration in that small space must have been terrible."

As the Drum soft the hot air seemed as another protege thought struck me. "But how did Verwoerd get away? If they were both surrounded by Shiva's followers when they found the temple?"

He said with a curiously flat voice. "The only thing Verwoerd brought back from that camp was a crowbar . . . he has refused to be put down ever since."

Then I understood. Verwoerd, in his mad jealousy had pulled the stone back, impaling his wife's lover. The followers of Shiva had not been responsible for Klaas's death. Some ancestor of Verwoerd must have known the secret of the temple and passed it on. And such Verwoerd had kept it. This was their island, its secrets were there also. And a secret is power . . . and a weapon Verwoerd had known where he was going when he went up that mountain.

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Day of the Dragon

* FICTION



GEORGE C. APFELL

The aged white doctor's ruddy fingers were cool and insistent.

... in the sick man they seemed to ease his pain-racked body.

THESE were only three of us on the dark veranda that afternoon.

There was Prudhomme, sitting with hands folded, shaking his well-filled face and repeating in a murmur: "I do not think they're much good," an opinion which seemed to sit heavy.

Neither Unger nor myself knew Prudhomme at all. He had come up to Hong Kong from Sagon with his wife to spend the holiday, and he had been extended the courtesies of the club. He was expecting his wife to join him any minute.

"No," he said again, "I cannot say much for herba-tea."

Unger asked finally, "Why not? What's wrong with 'em?"

Unger was a wide-shouldered, hulking man with forest-green eyes. He had been in the Orient longer than he had any right to be, and I knew that he was planning to leave it soon. He had been a trader up in the north country.

"Herba-tea," Unger went on, "are sometimes a dozen sight better than medicines."

A sour expression twisted Prudhomme's dark features. "I cannot believe that the laying on of hands and the grinding of dragon's teeth to powder can cure a person," he said

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"You don't?" Unger wished at me. He had brought up the subject when Pruthersome asked if which doctors placed their trade in the *holyday* practice. "I do. Which doctors there may be, I don't know. But hecklers there are. I believe in their methods."

Harry Unger pulled shabby drapes the length of his eye. "For what they call an old Chinese head, and I know. North of here, before the trouble, I was combining business with pleasure one week. There was supposed to be some fine white jets out in the hills west of Pringip, east Sulvyan way. I went out to track it down, and tried a shotgun and a .30-30 just in case some red salar pungs came along. One wet afternoon I was lookin' to make camp, my horses and me. We hadn't found the jets, and I was feeling pretty miserable. Then, towards sunset light, we come out on the shoulder of a low mountain, and there below on a little shelfy down the side, was an old temple. It didn't look to be occupied, so we went down and opened the gate. There wasn't anyone in the Bell tower; there wasn't even a bell, and I was bound in my Number One to tell here we could stay here, when a boy came out of the temple and crossed the courtyard. He had wretched looks on, so I figured he belonged to a western race.

"He asked me if pretty good English I was a doctor, and in Chinese I told him no. Then he said to come on anyway, to come inside." Unger shivered and grinned and shivered again. "Frank, tyin' on a proper mat, was a friend of mine. Shit, he'd been. Man called Flap. He'd flip you for anything. His wife was with him — but she was just lookin' helpless and a little scared . . . It was the same day as to-day, matter of fact. The Day of the

Dragon, when you're supposed to even up several obligations and whatnot. Flap's boy lighted a taper, and I could see all these empty wall niches where the idols had been . . ."

You could see the place as Unger talked word, stone walls rising to the deep shadow of the gathered eaves; a roundhouse after and doorway side-steak for the priests.

Flap was a small man with pale-dot eyes and a diamond face marked with the years. He was supposed to be a good master, a fine guide, an excellent expert for European sportsmen who hired him. But lying there he seemed to be more like a tired old man who was reaching the end of the road. At least, that's what Unger thought, and you couldn't blame him.

He knuck by the blanket. "What's happened, Flap, old man? Lost another bet?"

Flap would bet on anything. "Dawn now, Harry. I had but one customer this season, and he had himself a white buck and had to go down-country for a doctor. My other boy took him." Flap let out his breath. "So I thought I'd take it slow, see, and try to plug a small-bore buck. Bell the head, see?"

But even that hadn't worked out, and on the long hard day for home Flap had gotten changes, had changes. And on the second day, within sight of the empty temple, had doffed off his pony and lain lockout in the road. His wife and the Number One had been carrying him in, leading the ponies, and there he'd remained for three days.

"How is it now, Flap?"
"Better. Much better. I think I can travel some."

"We cross?" His wife came out of the angular shadow. "We've got to get out of this place." She fixed her great green eyes on Unger. "He's

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had an attack of appendicitis, and will have another cold."

Unger hadn't noticed until then how lovely her face was. He had heard of her, but he had never seen her before, and now he looked at her and was completely fascinated by her straight, heavy hair and the polished skin that had the appearance of marble and would never, never, become chapped or cracked by weather.

Unger became conscious of the smell of pony droppings and the general smell of matted straw and the purple-red streak from the weather-hammered grave markers beyond the compound. "What'd you do, Flip-freak the infants with cold sand, or something?"

A gnarled thumb emerged from the blanket and pointed downwards. "Old boy below. Down in the valley where the new temple is. Number One went down and brought him up here, and I don't know just what he did, but he did it well."

"He reached me some, here and there, and then he went away. That was a couple of days ago, and we're, boy, I trust."

Unger shrugged a shoulder. "You had your surfaces weren't here, too." "What poor man?" Flip's wife put the back of her hand to her temple. "He was in such pain."

Flip sniffed a few times. "I've seen worse, Clancy, he was, that's all." "Clancy?" That green eyes looked his face. "He'd had no experience—she lowered her head again. "She was a—pervert."

Flip's small laugh was barely audible. "Now a couple fingers off with a shotgun. Well, he can spare 'em, all the money he's got."

It suddenly occurred to Unger that Flip's wife was planning a change, and that this wealthy gentleman-banker was included in the plan.

Through maimed wrists she breathed. "We've got to move. Tomorrow, in the morning."

Unger realized that she wanted to get down to the other patient, not stay with this one.

She accepted a cigarette.

"The smoke's hot, Harry," he was told happily. "One bush, Max. The last I've got in the world. How about it, Harry? I'll make with the symptoms when he goes here, and if he treats me, you pay. If he goes through the set, I pay."

Unger said "Yer're an—"

They had finished a cold supper of rice and beans by the time the healer arrived and bent over Flip.

He bent over, and then he stood up and turned away. Flip turned the blanket up and followed him with his eyes. "What stage you, old man?"

That time, instead, Max faced around. "You do not suffer. Please do not mind for me again unless you need me. It is a far way from the valley."

Unger waited until he was crossing the courtyard before he spoke. "Keep the fire. I don't want it."

"You'll take it." Flip's grin was twisted. "What can I do with one book?"

After a moment, Unger took it. He offered cigarette apiece. The woman accepted one, treated it to a tap.

Unger was about to look at his patient when a short shrill shriek sliced the silence.

He was thrashing his legs, biting the blanket, sobbing. Suddenly he whipped to a sitting position and grabbed his up-drawn knees.

His face was blue-white and he could hardly talk. His words came in short抽吸ings of breath. "This—o—well?"

Unger rose and gripped Number One's shoulder and propelled him towards the overboard. "Hurry!

Kenneth-kennelid. Get him—tell him to fly!"

The woman hurried after Number One. "Wait—111 light the way to the path?"

Unger took his drink and decided soon. He switched his forehead over from me to Prudhomme.

"Well, wait! For God's sake!" Prudhomme's collar was swollen under his pony. His eyes were alert and demanding.

Unger put down his glass. "The old boy needs some book from the valley. He understood, you see, that his patient was joking."

Down in the streets the parades were starting. "No Flip died. The old man could have eliminated the pain, reduced the infection, somehow—but he never came back. Number One ate Flip die, and I'll never forget that boy's face as he watched the woman . . . We turned Flip up there?"

Prudhomme's fist crashed on the

metal table. "But why? Why did not this barbarian return?"

Unger looked surprised. "He was not told to return. The woman caught up with Number One in the courtyard. She gave him some money and advised him to inform the old man that this was just another joke."

Prudhomme was absolutely colourless. His glazed eyes were fixed upon someone carried onto the veranda from the grill. Unger noted the approach in a side-glance, folded in a pocket and drew out a stained Max dollie. The figure left the shadow of the grill and stepped into the sun-light, and all of us could see the eager swing and thrust of her hips, the long legs twisted in cuts under the white topes, and the flashing green eyes.

Prudhomme pressed his hands in front of him, as if to stop her, and I noticed like scratches over the stripes where two fingers had been

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Talking Points

DESERTER'S FATE

It is a pity Hollywood has not realized the wealth of colourful, exciting adventure in New Zealand's wild history, particularly the *River War*. However, CATALCADE is not so remiss—and we also have the writers to dig them out and do them justice. On page 4 this month, in "The Trotter Died in Honour" by Charles Ralph, you will find a gripping account of a little-known rebellion against, Kereke Skat. Yet, that's right, we said rebellion. What he was doing in New Zealand, and why he walked out of a recent camp to join the *Rebel* *River War*, are two questions you will be able to answer for yourself after reading it.

WELL TO DIE

In "Death of Thousands" (page 10), Marie Healy has come up with what may be the daddy of all harrowing experiences. In cover on the slopes of New Guinea's Mount Lamington, towards the end of World War II, several thousand Japs chose death at their own hands rather than surrender. She makes a good job of trying to picture for you the numbers sense in the searing, deadly-in-rock distresses as this mass suicide got under way.



INKY FINGERS

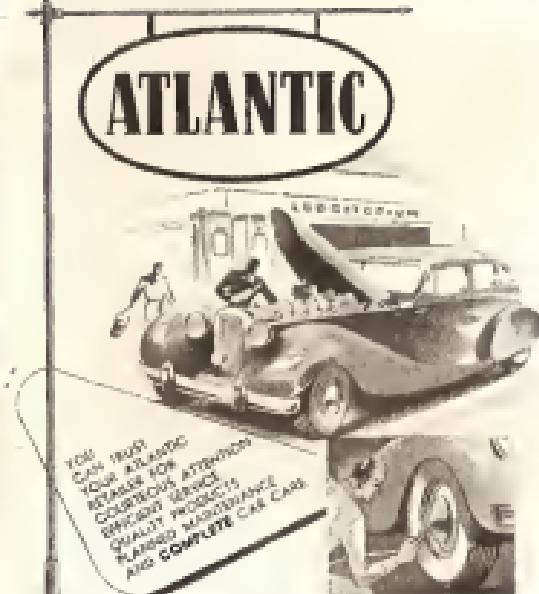
Despite what you see in the papers, newspapermen are not hard-edited, hard-drinking, hard-fighting relatives from Ironicay. Generally, reporting is an ordinary, uneventful, wage-slapping existence. If there is anything that makes it different is other forms of odd; it is the comprehensiveness of news, names, addresses and opportunities with which the reporter comes in contact. They are far more varied and interesting than he is. On page 8, Cedric Montague—a long-time member of the Fourth Estate—recalls all about some of the foibles and freaks he has been plagued with.

NEXT MONTH

We think you will find next month's CATALCADE as full of varied fare as ever. In "Cleve Corried a Blotch" you will meet a fabulously old lady who worked a hatchet for a strange new purpose. Frank Brown tells of the enormous, never-reckoned existence of college football coaches in the States. For those with a pathological bent, we recommend "Firebags Are See-Me-It's." In a strong fiction line-up, look for "Guardians of the Way," a new vicarage by Paul Gashen, and "A Flight to Heaven," by popular Ned Webkin.

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